

# Sports Illustrated

FEBRUARY 26, 1962 25 CENTS

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## Next week

**SPRING TRAINING** returns, and with it a five-page portfolio of baseball action by Artist Robert Weaver. Robert Shaples tells how George Weiss put the New York Mets together.

**CHILLY GOLF PROS** wander south each year for a tour of the Caribbean. Artist Harvey Schenck and writer Gwyllyn Brown go along with them and record their impressions.

**CHARLES GOREAU** reports on the World Bridge Championships, illuminating the strategy that won again for Italy, while Artist Marc Sement sketches the activity behind the scenes.

# SCORECARD

## FIX THE FIX LAWS

A few weeks ago we suggested (SI, Jan. 22) that bribery in sport ought to be a felony everywhere, instead of a misdemeanor in some states and a felony in others. Just how stupidly diverse the law is with respect to bribery was revealed last week by Wilbur N. Stalcup, University of Missouri basketball coach and president of the National Association of Basketball Coaches.

A while back he ordered a survey of bribery law, and now he has sent the results to NABC members with a recommendation that they press for strong legislation in states that either have no laws against bribery in sport, or weak laws.

Stalcup discovered that 16 states and territories have no law at all on sports bribery. These are Alaska, Arizona, Idaho, Kansas, Maine, Montana, Nevada, New Mexico, North Dakota, Puerto Rico, South Carolina, South Dakota, Utah, Vermont, the Virgin Islands and Wyoming. In Iowa it is illegal to bribe an athlete but quite legal for the athlete to accept the bribe.

In Illinois and Minnesota an athlete who takes a bribe is barred from organized sport for life. Indiana is less severe on amateurs than on professionals.

Almost invariably, Stalcup found, specific abuses have been necessary to stir the legislatures into adopting more stringent laws. After the Black Sox scandal in 1919, states began passing athletic bribery laws, but most of them related only to baseball. After 1941 investigations revealed corruption in horse racing, several states broadened their statutes to include sports other than baseball. And after the 1951 basketball scandals, some states took cognizance of point-shaving and made it illegal.

Wilbur Stalcup has done a fine job for his sport. We hope his NABC members complete the work by appealing to their state legislatures for action.

## JFK AND THE DODGERS

We learned the other day of a nonpolitical meeting in Brooklyn some 15 years ago that could have changed history.

The lead characters in the session were Branch Rickey and Walter O'Malley of the Dodgers and Ambassador Joseph P. Kennedy.

"Back in 1947," explains O'Malley, "Branch Rickey [then president of the Dodgers] began negotiating with Joseph Kennedy to sell him stock in the Dodgers. Kennedy said he was looking for an interesting activity for his son, who had been wounded in service and wanted to get started in something. The idea was that if Kennedy bought the club, his son John could be president and Rickey could stay on as general manager." As things turned out, the deal never went through because Joseph Kennedy thought the nation was headed for troubled times and the investment would not be sound.

We're happy, though, that Joe's son John did get started in something interesting.

## THE LONG VIEW

Many a fight promoter has labeled and sold "ringside" tickets that required field glasses for a proper view. Not so outrageously avuncular, but just a bit crafty, nonetheless, is the decision of the Houston National League baseball club to have dugouts 75 feet long in its new stadium. That's about twice the length of most big-league benches.

"Everyone wants a box seat behind the first- or third-base dugout," explained a very frank club official. "So why not long dugouts, and we sell more box seats?"

## OFFSIDE PENALTY

The world amateur hockey championships, to be held at Colorado Springs next month, have been sadly diminished in stature by the withdrawal of the Soviet Union in protest against the refusal of NATO's allied travel council to grant visas to the East German hockey team. Eighteen countries were to have competed. The number is now reduced to 16 and there is expectation that the Czechs, Romanians and Yugoslavs will follow their spiritual leader into voluntary exile.

Our normal reaction would be to damn NATO's travel council and protest that sport is above politics, that it improves relationships between peoples and that the NATO decision is counter to the spirit of the Olympics and all amateur sport. All of which is true enough, but these are harsh times. If the East Germans and the Russians are bumping their heads against a wall, it is one that they built themselves.

## A CHUCKLE FOR WILL

When Olympian Earl Young, competing in his 400-yard specialty, wobbled across the finish line like a man carrying a piano up a flight of stairs, spectators at the Will Rogers Indoor Games at Fort Worth thought something was peculiar. Something was.

Seconds later, when official timers examined their watches, they knew they had invented a new event: the 576-yard run. Young, ace of the Abilene Christian College team, had set a record that will stand at least until track officials goof again. He did the 576 in 1:10.4. The runners had gone one too many laps on



the 176-yard dirt oval because meet officials forgot to extend the string across the finish line at the proper time.

Will Rogers would have thought of something funny to say about the incident but not one of the officials could.

## THE INSIDE TRACK

• The American Football League's anti-trust suit (\$10 million) against the National Football League will most likely be an off-delayed and appealed affair, with the NFL finally making an out-of-court settlement. The AFL might well settle for a play-off game with the NFL or a common draft setup.

• After a dismal fling at professional boxing, Shotputter Bill Nieder has applied to the AAU for reinstatement as

*continued*

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## SHOPWALK

The Crow's-nest sells nautical gear by mail to boatmen all over the world

The Crow's-nest, a relatively small New York shop specializing in boating gear, gadgets and accessories, is the world's largest mail-order supplier of nautical equipment. Opened 12 years ago in a dingy basement by two weekend sailors, Ralph Tollens and Al Klipper, the Crow's-nest today has over 600 different items crammed into a second-floor store and storage room at 16 East 40th Street. About 75% of the shop's orders come through the mail (80,000 catalogues—112 pages thick—are sent annually to customers all over the world), but at least three or four times a year some boatmen will purchase gear by ship-to-shore phone.

Along with everyday boating accessories, the Crow's-nest carries such esoteric items as loaves of bread (baked whole wheat, white or rye) sealed in cans to keep it from getting soggy, made-to-order bunk sheets tailored to fit V-shaped or curved-edge bunks of any size (\$8.25 and up), a portable hot-water stall shower that folds into a small space when not in use (\$59.50) and breakaway chrestening bottles (\$5).

More practical boating gear that can be bought at the Crow's-nest are waterproof flashlights (\$4) and spotlights (\$7), which float beam up in the water if dropped overboard and the new Sperry Radio Direction Finder (\$175). The Sperry operates on transistors and flashlight batteries, is only 3 1/4 inches high and weighs but seven pounds 5 ounces.

The Crow's-nest also has a chart reader (\$6) that can be used when the pilot-house is blacked out; essentially, it is a flashlight built into the handle of a powerful magnifying glass. And there is a marine wood screw kit for emergency repairs or installations while at sea. The kit contains 14 dozen oval-head screws in 15 sizes (brass screws: \$7; chrome plate on brass: \$8). Boating clothes are available at the Crow's-nest, too, and one of the best is a navy blue melton wool "Chief's" shirt (\$15.50).

But the shop's best seller—year after year—continues to be canvas seat and back replacements for yacht or deck chairs. They come in a wide range of colors and cost only \$3.50 a set.

—JULIE CAMPBELL



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an amateur athlete and hopes to compete at the Tokyo Olympics.

• Sale and switch of the Philadelphia Warriors to San Francisco seems all but consummated, an NBA move that would be worth at least \$100,000 to that natural San Francisco rival, the Los Angeles Lakers.

#### MR. CLIFF'S ANGER

Last year at least two dozen fans were killed or seriously injured in arguments about soccer. But now there may be a trend away from mayhem. Cyril Cliff, fierce supporter of Britain's Stoke City team, resented it very much when his team lost to the Blackburn Rovers on a disputed penalty kick. He ranted and raved. But he did not punch Referee Harry Webb on the nose. Instead, he filed suit against him.

Ah, but even so, Soccer Player Desmond Eaton of Nethersea upheld the older traditions of soccer by knocking out Referee John Overton, breaking his jaw, and quitting soccer for good.

#### THE GREAT LAND AND HORSE GRAB

For almost two decades Mexico's Brigadier General Humberto Mariles was a star performer in international jumping, winning an Olympic gold medal and many other trophies for Mexico. But for the last 10 years he has also played a leading role in a fouding drama with his government. When army and political rivals managed to disband his military jumping team, Mariles converted the government-owned establishment where they trained into Mexico's leading riding academy for civilian horsemen.

Last week, in a shocking manner, this chapter of the general's equestrian career was terminated. As children and parents gathered at the academy for an after-school riding session, they were surprised by 100 soldiers with rifles and fixed bayonets. The soldiers herded everybody into a building, and divided up the cash on hand. The buildings were methodically sacked. Curtains and pictures were torn from the walls. All trophies and the head of Arête (the horse on which Mariles won the Olympic gold medal in 1948) were tossed into army vans and driven away, along with 187 fine horses. The general himself was detained at gunpoint and threatened with death.

Certainly the government had the right to reclaim the now valuable land on which the dormitories, offices and

stables of the academy stood. But international sportsmen as well as other Mariles partisans are outraged by the brutal manner in which the eviction was carried out.

#### POETIC INJUSTICE

The game fishermen of western Washington have utilized restraint, loving care and their own money to wet-nurse the steelhead back to piscatorial prominence in the rivers of Skagit County. The steelhead fairly leap from the waters of the Skogist and the Quinalt, the Samish and the Klickitat. Into these waters last month moved the Upper Skagit Indians, whose eye for steelhead (at 206 a pound wholesale) is every bit as sharp as the white man's but whose interest in conservation is a good deal duller.

Armed with nylon gill nets and drift nets and a court order issued in May 1961 that gives them the run of their "usual and accustomed" happy fishing grounds, the Indians descended on the unsuspecting steelhead, day in and day out, and en masse. It was, quoth a white conservative, a massacre.

One 87-year-old tribesman, who calls himself John Jones, was in on the raid, and still is. Thirty years ago John Jones was fined by the state game department for netting steelhead in the Skagit. This time, by order of the court, no white man could legally stop him. At last count, Jones had netted 108 steelhead, selling, he said, "to Indians," since Washington law forbids the sale of the fish to whites. In recognition of his talents, someone slashed old John's \$100 net. Undaunted, he bought a new one. At another spot his son hauled in 31 steelhead in three days, or about five seasons' take for a hook-and-line fisherman. Tribesman Alex Boome got 33. Last week a slashed gill net (not unlike a ragged scalp) was found tucked to the outside of the town hall with the inscription, "Let's fix them all this way."

Complaints poured in. Protests were filed. But nothing stemmed the red tide. Larger movements were reported. The Muckleshoot tribe was said to be preparing to press into the Green River. They came on and on, like homesteaders. It was not justice, perhaps, but it was poetic.

#### THEY SAID IT

• David Clark, Olympic pole-vaulter, announcing that he had bought a fiber-glass pole: "I decided to quit crying about it and buy one."

• Gene Autry, part owner of the Los Angeles Angels baseball club, when asked about the Angels' schedule in "Dodger Stadium": "I don't know where that is. Whoever heard of Dodger Stadium? Everybody knows about Chavez Ravine."

• Hayden Fry, SMU's new football coach, addressing a luncheon of SMU fans: "I'm the oratorical equivalent of a blocked punt."

• Shelby Metcalf, assistant coach, explaining the departure of a Texas A&M basketball player: "He came here when he heard A&M was an engineering school. But when he found they wouldn't let him drive a train he quit."

• Joe Linsalata, American League umpire, on the life of umpires on the road: "We have friends, just like other people. Of course, you can't fraternize with ballplayers. But who wants to fraternize with ballplayers?"

• Bones McKinney, Wake Forest basketball coach, evaluating the strength of his center, 6-foot-8-inch Len Chappell, who weighs 240 pounds and scored 37 points against Duke: "He was so strong in the last 10 minutes it was unbelievable. I believe the hair of his arms would knock you down."

#### HOMECOMING DAY

Graduates of the Bear Bryant School of Hard Knocks, comprising those who have played football under The Bear at Maryland, Kentucky, Texas A&M or Alabama, have been compared to survivors of the Battle of the Bulge and are similarly bound together by ties that can never be annulled. They are like those hardy men who have gone through the Rat Year at Virginia Military Institute—Brother Rats forever.

More than 90 alumni of the BBSHK are now out in the world, preaching the Bryant football doctrine to the young at an equal number of schools. "Ah think we counted 92 the other day who are out coaching," Bryant drawled last week. "Scattered all over. We gonna get 'em all together and have us a little closed clinic amongst ourselves."

So, on June 9, the Bryant boys will hold their first annual meeting at Tuscaloosa, Alabama, present headquarters of their Leader. The Leader will pick up the tab.

"They'll bring their wives and we'll just have a big time," said the 49-year-old coach. "We'll just chew the fat. Ah figure if there's anything new in football, some of us ought to know something about it."

END



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## AMERICAN EXPRESS TRAVELERS CHEQUES

# HE COULD DO IT ON BAMBOO

Did the fiber-glass pole give John Uelses an unfair advantage when he vaulted 16 feet? The answer is no. Scientific tests show it is no springier than the bamboo used 20 years ago



**IN RECORD VAULT** at Madison Square Garden John Uelses bends a deep arc in his fiber-glass pole.

When a German immigrant named John Hans Feigenbaum (better known by his adopted name, Uelses) flexed a limber vaulting pole and rode its reflex to a 16-foot- $\frac{1}{4}$ -inch world record two weeks ago, he set off a violent and uninformed argument about the relative merits of fiber-glass, bamboo, steel and aluminum poles. Not since the Russians used a built-up shoe to break the world record in the high jump has track equipment caused so much controversy.

Most of the argument—on both pro and con sides—was emotional; the vaulters and coaches who used fiber-glass poles considered them legitimate. Those who didn't, and who were losing consistently to fiber-glass users, maintained the extra flexibility and whip of fiber glass made catapults of the poles and that the

vaulters who used them were acrobats and not track-and-field athletes.

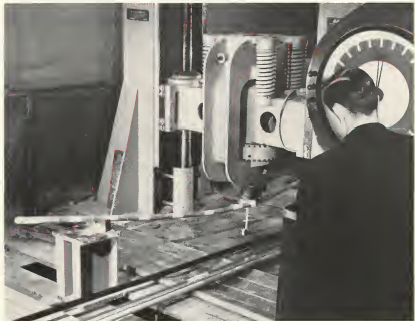
In the middle of the uproar the research laboratory of the Johns-Manville Company offered to settle the question by scientific tests. Johns-Manville manufactures a wide assortment of articles of fiber glass, steel and aluminum (the conservatives in the vaulting world are advocates of the last two materials), and the company was prepared to determine which pole provided the most lift for the vaulter.

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED accepted the offer, and provided the poles (two kinds of fiber glass, steel, aluminum and bamboo). A SPORTS ILLUSTRATED reporter-photographer team made notes and pictures (below) while Robert H. Neisel, chief of the Johns-Manville materials evaluation section, carried out a three-day-long series of tests.

Astonishingly, the tests revealed that for several years American vaulters have been using the worst possible poles: aluminum and steel. They also showed that fiber glass is an improvement upon, but not a basic modification of, the old bamboo pole and that these two are far superior to the others. Fiber glass is a close man-made approximation of bamboo. Bamboo's disadvantage is that each stick of bamboo has slightly different characteristics. High-density fiber-glass poles, on the other hand, may be duplicated precisely.

The Johns-Manville tests were designed to evaluate three capacities of each pole: resiliency, vibration and thrust. In the resiliency test the test poles were placed in a gigantic steel apparatus called a Universal Testing Machine. Each pole was placed on supports 10 feet apart and subjected to pressures

*continued*



**TESTING THE POLES**

In Johns-Manville lab, Universal Testing Machine applies 60-pound pressure to center of bamboo pole. Bamboo bent over an inch more

than other vaulting poles, proving it has more resiliency than steel, aluminum or fiber glass. Other tests are described on the next page.

ranging from 10 to 60 pounds, which were exerted directly on the center of the pole.

The most resilient pole was the bamboo. At 60 pounds, the bamboo pole bent 7 1/4 inches, the fiber-glass 6 1/4 inches, the aluminum 4 1/2 inches and the steel 4 1/4 inches. In effect, this means that the same vaulter could put more energy into a bamboo pole than into a fiber-glass one and substantially more into either than he could into steel or aluminum. The energy the vaulter expends in bending the pole is returned to him as the pole straightens. Advantage: bamboo; second, fiber glass.

The vibration test showed how quickly each pole returns to its normal shape, *etc.*, how quickly it gives up the energy the vaulter stores in it by bending it. This test has nothing to do with the pole's catapulting power, but it is important in that it measures the rapidity with which the pole can give forth its energy. This is an indication of how much time the vaulter will have to execute the various

maneuvers that make up his technique from the moment he places the pole in the vaulting box until it snaps straight at the peak of his jump. The bamboo pole had much the fastest recoil action, with aluminum the slowest. Fiber glass of the high-density type was faster than steel or aluminum, slower than bamboo. Advantage: fiber glass or bamboo, depending on vaulter's preference.

The third test was for the catapulting, or thrust, characteristic of the poles. The poles were clamped at one end, parallel to the floor, like a diving board, leaving exactly 90 inches free. A 20-pound weight was hung at the free end of the pole, and a two-pound sandbag was balanced on top of the pole. The weight was cut loose and the height to which the pole flipped the sandbag was measured. Under the 20-pound weight and the two-pound projectile the fiber-glass pole dipped 12 1/4 inches, then flipped the bag 40 inches into the air. Bamboo dipped 12 inches, tossed the two-pound weight 32 1/4 inches. The figures for steel were 9 inches and 26, for aluminum 9 and 23. Advantage: fiber glass; second, bamboo.

In summary, these tests proved that the most efficient vaulting poles are fiber glass and bamboo, with steel and aluminum running a bad third and fourth. When Cornelius Warmerdam set his world record of 15 feet 7 3/4 inches in 1942 he was using nature's very good product, bamboo; when John Uelses vaulted over 16 feet he was using what its manufacturer calls synthetic bamboo. If the International Amateur Athletic Federation decides to throw out records set with a fiber-glass pole, they should at the same time invalidate the records set long ago by Warmerdam.

Few people, other than some IAAF officials and a handful of coaches and vaulters who do not use fiber glass, want Uelses' record invalidated or the pole disqualified. Most vocal critic of the fiber-glass is Don Bragg, who held the world record until George Davies (a fiber-glass user) broke it last year. Bragg grumbled then; when Uelses soared over 16 feet Bragg complained bitterly.

"What do they want?" said he. "A circus or an athletic event? The vaulter with the fiber-glass pole has the pole do all his work. Speed is no longer of the essence. Nor is strength. Now it's all a matter of coordination."

Uelses, who has been ill with influenza recently, competed in the Mason-Dixon games in Louisville last Saturday, fresh from eight days in the hospital at Quantico Marine Base. He failed signally three times at 14 feet. After his third failure the pole, weak Uelses came over to the side of the vaulting pit and smiled weakly. "I guess this proves it is the vaulter and not the pole," he said, with some logic.

Jim Tuppenny, assistant track coach at Villanova who coached Bragg, does not agree with his ex-pupil. Tuppenny is regarded as one of the best vaulting coaches in the country, immediately after Uelses did 16 feet for the first time he sought Tuppenny's help on technique.

Says Tuppenny: "You can't stop progress in sports. Remember the shape of the old footballs? No modern passer would be able to get a grip on those fat round balls. But you don't see asterisks beside the records of Norm Van Brocklin or Sonny Jurgensen."

Tuppenny points out some additional advantages of fiber glass. "A vaulter with a fiber-glass pole can grip his pole six inches to a foot higher without taking the shock he would get from the older poles. The fiber-glass pole helps a vaulter make a smoother change of



#### THE CATAPULT THRUST

At left, John-Manville technician cuts loose weight from pole on which taped sandbag is balanced; then, below, pole flips sandbag in air to measure pole's catapulting power. Fiber glass proved best in catapult test, and bamboo was considerably superior in vibration test to determine how quickly each pole gave back energy created by bending it.





drive as he moves from the horizontal approach to the vertical ascent."

With the old, stiffer poles, the vaulter took a tremendous shock in hands and shoulders when he planted the pole in the vaulting box at the end of his run. Much of this shock is now taken up by the easier bend of fiber glass, as it was taken up by the flexibility of bamboo in Warmerdam's day. The energy that was lost in the jarring shock of the steel or aluminum pole against the vaulters' arms and shoulders is transformed into bend in the fiber-glass pole and returned to the vaulter as the pole straightens out. Uelses, at the moment, is the man who has learned best the complicated technique involved in utilizing this return of energy. He is by no means the first to work on it. The original fiber-glass pole was used by Bob Mathias in 1948. In the 1952 Olympics he set a decathlon record with it. Herb Jenks, the man who produced the first pole, says, "We've been making it for 14 years and nobody said a word. We've sold some 75,000 fiber-glass poles. Now all of a sudden, because a couple of guys have done something no one else ever did, they talk about outlawing it."

#### Imitation bamboo

The Sila-Flex Sky-Pole was a conscious imitation of bamboo. "The structure is similar," Jenks says, "since they both have many lengthwise fibers. We developed the new high-density fiber glass about two years ago, working on materials for nose cones. In the poles 90% of the fibers run lengthwise, with 10% crosswise to hold them together. Then we bind the fibers by impregnating them with plastic resin."

Bragg, incidentally, was given a fiber-glass pole by the Sila-Flex people.

"Bragg kept saying fiber glass had advantages but that there wasn't a pole made of it strong enough to hold him," Jenks says. "To shut him up we made one and took it over to his apartment in Van Nuys. He flexed it, looked it all over and said, 'That's just what I need.' He was going to practice with it and use it. That was before the Compton meet last year. In the meet he showed up with his metal pole and didn't even place. That was the last we heard from him. I guess he realized there was no magic in it, that you still had to be a good athlete. He probably thought he was too old to start learning a new technique."

Possibly the most expert user of the fiber-glass pole until Davies and Uelses

was Aubrey Dooley, who taught both of the younger men. Dooley, now a Marine lieutenant, used the pole as an undergraduate at Oklahoma State; he instructed Davies in its use when Davies came to that school, taught Uelses when Uelses came to the Quantico Marine Base.

"My interest in John Uelses was as a teammate at Quantico," Dooley says. "I had worked with the fiber-glass pole for over three years, and I felt I could help him with some of the minor points he didn't know—staying on his back as long as possible, delaying his timing to handle the slower reaction of the pole, the knack of keeping his hands apart for better control during the swing and while on top. He made the switch real easy."

Dooley points out another thing that makes Uelses a 16-foot vaulter.

"He has something unique in technique. He leads with his left leg and that lets him stay on his back longer. That keeps his shoulders square, and he can use all of his forward momentum in the swing."

Much has been made of the short run Uelses takes before his vault, and critics of the fiber-glass pole maintain that this shows speed is not necessary.

"The reason he takes a shorter run is because that's all he needs to reach his maximum controllable speed," Dooley says. "You check his record, and you'll find he runs the 100 in 9.8, which is comparable to the speed of Bob Gutowski or Bob Richards. If he ran any farther, he'd just be using up energy he needs in the vault itself." Vaulting on the new pole is not difficult, says Dooley. "Anybody can use the fiber-glass pole, including Bragg," he says, "if he has what it takes to stay with it and learn."

Uelses has added refinements in technique that are peculiarly his. He is the only vaulter in the world who cocks his pole in reverse. All the rest of the vaulters bend the pole toward the pit; Uelses tries to make his pole bend back toward him, away from the pit.

"I found that out by accident," he said. "The pole bent backward once, and I got a good vertical lift from it. Then I experimented. I found that if the pole bends toward the pit it adds to your forward motion and takes away some of your lift. If you can bend it backward—cock it away from the pit—it tends to throw you back toward the runway. You have forward momentum from your run, and this counteracts the pole and you wind up with a good vertical lift."

Possibly the least surprised person in the country when Uelses cleared 16 feet was Dr. Richard V. Ganslen, professor of physiology and kinesiology at the University of Arkansas, and the world's leading authority on pole-vaulting.

"If an athlete thinks the thing can be done and the record is inadequate, mechanically speaking, he will break the record," Ganslen says. "We've simply had a tremendous psychological evolution in all athletic skills."

As to the pole itself: "Actually, the principle of the flexible pole is nothing new. The bamboo pole was just as flexible as fiber glass, and you didn't see anyone trying to take them away from vaulters like Ozolin of Russia in 1928 or Ohe and Nishida of Japan in 1932. Ohe and Nishida placed second and third in the 1932 Olympics using exquisitely thin bamboo poles especially selected for their flexibility and just as flexible as fiber glass. With the fiber-glass pole, the vaulter does less work at the start but must do much more at the end. It's still the man on the end of the pole that counts."

END



IN MARINE UNIFORM Uelses tries vaulting pole to car before leaving Quantico for meet.

# UPHEAVAL AT CHAMONIX

In the world ski championships resurgent Austria triumphed brilliantly, mighty France fell in its own Alps and the U.S. wound up a so-so third by **WALTER BINGHAM**

**I**t was the same at Chamonix last week as it was at Agincourt centuries before. "Proud of their numbers and secure in soul, the confident and over-lusty French" got bushwhacked at the world ski championships they had so extravagantly staged. It was, for exulting France, a dolorous conclusion to a meet which already had been sadly and confusedly put out of joint by uncertain weather and the controversial withdrawal of several Iron Curtain countries.

France's ski team had been a heartening exception to the recent national tradition of sporting failure; generously subsidized, in 1961 it had dominated international events. But in the French Alps, in clear weather or gloomy snowfall, it was the Austrians, led by Karl Schranz and Marianne Jahn, a solemn 19-year-old baker's daughter, who triumphed. Austrian skiers won an unprecedented five of six races and amassed 15 medals out of a possible 24. France won only two gold medals: freckle-faced Manelle Goitschel took the ladies'

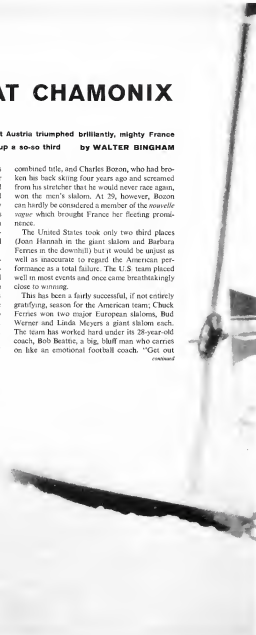
combined title, and Charles Bozon, who had broken his back skiing four years ago and screamed from his stretcher that he would never race again, won the men's slalom. At 29, however, Bozon can hardly be considered a member of the *mouvelle vague* which brought France her fleeting prominence.

The United States took only two third places (Joan Hannah in the giant slalom and Barbara Ferries in the downhill) but it would be unjust as well as inaccurate to regard the American performance as a total failure. The U.S. team placed well in most events and once came breathtakingly close to winning.

This has been a fairly successful, if not entirely gratifying, season for the American team; Chuck Ferries won two major European slaloms, Bud Werner and Linda Meyers a giant slalom each. The team has worked hard under its 28-year-old coach, Bob Beattie, a big, bluff man who carries on like an emotional football coach. "Get out

*continued*

**AUSTRIAN STAR** Karl Schranz, here flashing past a giant slalom gate, won downhill and overall world titles.





there and ski an aggressive race!" he roars. "When the going gets tough, the tough get tougher!"

The U.S. began promisingly at Chamonix; then things got tougher than Beattie had anticipated. In the first race, the ladies' giant slalom, Joan Hannah of the U.S. finished third, behind Frauleins Jahn and Erika Netzer of Austria, Barbara Ferries and Jean Saubert, two other American girls, coming in fifth and sixth. It was a first-rate effort considering two of the U.S. girls had poor starting positions. That night the Americans were the toast of Chamonix. Beattie was congratulated by Honoré Bonnet, the French coach. "The Americans are much improved," he said, feelingly. "They



**DOUBLE WINNER**, usually solitary Marianne Jahn of Austria smiles broadly after edging out French rival Manette Gotschell, in slalom.

never give up. Our girls could take a lesson from them."

That night, too, it began to snow, continuing on into the next day, when the men's slalom was scheduled. "This is our Sunday punch," predicted Beattie. "The slalom is our best event." Beattie was told that the publicity men suddenly wanted information about his team. They were anticipating a U.S. victory. Beattie scowled. "That's like saying the New York Giants are going to win the title because they looked good in punting practice."

It was snowing heavily when the skiers trooped slowly up the first of the two slalom courses they would run,

continued

**HOPES DASHED BY FALL** in slalom, Barbara Ferries of the U.S. is consoled by brother Chuck. Four days later she won bronze medal.





**HURLING AUSTRIAN** Egon Zimmermann (above) leads his teammates in a clean sweep of the giant slalom. Opposite, the champion of a young French cause, Charles Bozon, and his teammate, Guy Périllat (second and third from left), squint anxiously as they await their times in the other slalom event. They finished first and second—France's single moment of glory.



inspecting the gates. The snow was so thick it was impossible to see much of the race except on television. A number of sets had been placed in wooden shacks along the finish line. Werner started sixth, ramming downhill like Manuel Yeaza driving through the stretch, knocking over gates as though in mysterious anger. It was a typical slam-bang Werner run but he made it safely to the bottom. At the conclusion of the first go-around, Werner and Ferries were third and fourth.

During the intermission the storm turned into a blizzard and the electricity failed. No scoreboard, no public-address system—and no TV! Ferries descended through murky fog and heavy snow, taking his gates in fine fashion. Alas, he was disqualified for missing one of them. Now it was all up to Werner. If he could stay on his skis he would almost surely take third; a good run and he would win a world title, a triumph no American male has experienced. With each slashing turn Werner approached disaster; he cut

corners as though at the wheel of a car in desperate flight from the Keystone Cops. He staggered once and wasted valuable seconds climbing back to the gate. But on he came once more, frantically. Just as he was coming into view of the crowd at the finish he fell. There are few more heart-breaking sights in sports. A boxer knocked down can get up and win but when a skier falls he is through. Slowly, pathetically, Werner arose and, head down, skied to the end, where he was met by his teammate Ferries. He simply rested his head on Chuck's shoulder and there they stood, alone in their common grief in the crowd.

It was, besides, the end of America's hopes for a gold medal. Fraulein Jahn took the women's slalom, Egon Zimmermann and two Austrian friends finished 1-2-3 in the giant slalom, Karl Schranz won the men's downhill and combined title, and Fraulein Christl Hass, another Austrian yet, a husky photographer's assistant, was first in the ladies' downhill. In a frustrating moment for the U.S. and a sad one for France, Austria had regained its traditional dominance in Alpine skiing.

END



# King Swings in Malaya

Everybody who's anybody in Kuala Lumpur is playing golf these days, for nowhere is the ancient Scottish rite proliferating with more passion (if less form) than in Malaya's capital. Each morning the Yang di-Pertuan Agong, or King (*right*), arrives at the Selangor Club course in his Rolls at 7 a.m. and soon is out swinging away. Within the hour the course is mobbed with cabinet ministers, civil servants, diplomats and businessmen. One recent round on the links resulted in a state visit, an international agreement and a sizable sale of surplus war materiel.



**KING-SIZED SWING.** Like that of the monarch, is demonstrated above by another Malayan notable,

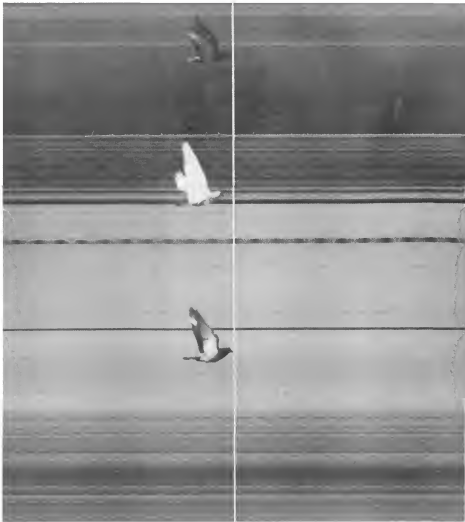
Prime Minister Prince Abdul Rahman, as he indulges the nation's mania for golf with Britain's Duncan Sandys.







## ***First by a Beak***



Many a busted \$2 racetrack bettor has complained that racing is for the birds—feathered, not rail. At New Orleans' Fair Grounds the other day it was. In the fifth race a mottled pigeon (its mirrored image is reflected at top) flew into the track camera range to produce this official photo finish of himself crossing the line a good 11 (pigeon) lengths ahead of the favored Marchaneta (far left) and a mere beak ahead of another bird.

# SYDNEY'S SAILORS

The big and busy city of Sydney, Australia stretches from the Pacific inland across fingers of land that hold the finest harbor in the world—a haven for shipping that serves also as a playground for yachtsmen. Sydney's sailors are grand gamblers who pile on sail and take their chances bluffing for the right of way (following pages), on courses crisscrossed by ferryboats and ocean freighters. The sight of game losers hanging onto their capsized boat (right) is a common one; when a squall pounces on sail-heavy 12-footers, every crew may go into the water. Next September off Newport, Rhode Island, Sydney's sailors will be out to win yachting's finest prize, the America's Cup. The story of the stormy skipper who is staking Sydney in this ultimate gamble begins on page 30.





Dragon class sloops  
in Sydney Harbor  
jam up in a flutter of  
collapsing spinnakers





Sail-heavy 12-footers run before the wind





toward the mist-veiled Harbor Bridge

## BOLD TRY FOR THE OLD MUG

**Sir Frank Packer is out to win the America's Cup. He does not plan to play the role of a good loser**

by FRED HUBBARD



**I**n defiance of all the odds, against the advice of friends and the prayers of his bank manager, Sir Frank Packer, sportsman extraordinary of Sydney, Australia, has built a boat to try to take the America's Cup away from America. In 91 years no challenger has ever won, and if his 12-meter sloop should beat the American defender next September Sir Frank certainly will be famous. If his boat loses, as it probably will, Sir Frank will still be famous.

The America's Cup is peculiar in that respect. It is the only contest of any consequence since the Christians met the lions in the Colosseum where losers are remembered better than winners. The most popular hero in the history of the America's Cup was the Irish tea magnate, Sir Thomas Lipton, who tried for 30 years and always failed.

With the arrival of Sir Frank Packer to try for the cup on the traditional course off Newport, Rhode Island next September, the sport is getting—if not a winner—a different kind of loser, a challenger of a novel sort. Sir Frank has the traditional qualities—the skills of a good sailor and the sure poise of a gentleman skipper. But there is also in him an unabashed vigor, a scrappy trace of the alley cat. Off Newport he may win or he may lose, but he will not necessarily do either graciously. If he tried and failed to take the America's Cup every September for 20 years, he would never evolve into a lovable old loser like Sir Tommy Lipton. Losing is not his cup of tea and, although he is gifted with massive charm, lovable is not the word for him.

Sir Frank is a large and honest and tough man who, after being helped to a

reasonably good start by a prosperous father, built his own publishing, radio and television empire. Last year these sprawling enterprises, with headquarters in a cockroach-ridden building in Sydney, racked up a \$783,000 profit after taxes. The spiritual heart of the kingdom of Packerstan (as hard-driven workers call it) is the gloomy, cluttered office where the shirt-sleeved boss, Sir Frank, hunches in a leather chair, eying callers with the wariness of a dingo and exuding impatience when any visitor dawdles over the business at hand. "I run this place," Sir Frank insists, and his employees agree. "The fastest draw in the West," one staffer attests, "is one of our executives reaching for the intercom when Sir Frank buzzes him."

Packer is a happy man when involved in the routine brawls of big business

and happier still when he is embroiled in a struggle for more power. What with all the ruckus of his workaday world, Sir Frank has had little time to spare for America's Cup matters except to study weekly progress reports on the construction of the 12-meter challenger, which by cup rules must be built in the competing country.

It has been two months since Packer betook himself to the Halvorsen shipyard, where the Australian challenger was being built in utter privacy, masked from prying eyes by high burlap screens. The boat is now almost ready for an overdue christening that will probably take place in the coming week. Perhaps to annoy him, rival newspapers have already sneaked photographers in to take pictures of the challenger and have prematurely named it *Gretel* after Sir Frank's deceased wife. Packer reddens angrily when reminded of this presumptuousness and is clearly in no hurry to christen the craft. Mindful of possible future embarrassment, he grumps, "Let's see how she sails first. If she's not fast enough she will undoubtedly be called all sorts of names."

The challenger's creator, Designer Alan Payne, rarely sees Sir Frank. Payne prefers it that way—at least for now. "It's a bloody big help," he explains gratefully, "to have a boss who doesn't interfere or object to the bills." Help though it may be, Packer's present detachment from the busy scene of preparation is an odd departure from his normal furious personal devotion to whatever he tackles. While building his empire, Sir Frank has rampaged far afield, putting time and money into squash courts, bowling alleys, incinerators, racehorses, wrestlers and boxers. He has invested in Fijian gold mines and American-made girdles. For most of his life he has been a good sailor, a mediocre tennis player and a golfer with a discouraging, flailing style. He has always had trouble breaking 100 but still enjoys an occasional frustrating golf round with friends and his two husky sons, Kerry (6 feet 2 inches, 215 pounds) and Clyde (6 feet 3 inches, 240 pounds).

At age 14, while opening a crate with a claw hammer, Sir Frank blinded his right eye, but in the years following he took up a number of sports that could have cost him the other one. He owned one of the first of the old-style, outsize laminated surfboards in Australia and rode it in the dumping rollers off Sydney's crescent beaches. At 21 he won

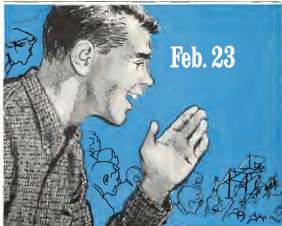
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## Of all the Englishmen who drink gin... how many drink Gordon's?

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### NOT MUCH FORM BUT LOTS OF WHAMMY

*Close-hauled on a windward beat (above), Helmsman Frank Packer, in typical Australian fashion, keeps the lee rail well under and his crew in a wild scramble. Sir Frank floots his way around the golf course (right) in about 100 strokes. His younger son, Kerry, diagnoses his golf game succinctly: "all wham and no finesse." Twenty years ago, when he carried a four-goal polo rating, Sir Frank's stick work was considered quite good. But according to his teammates and opponents whom he occasionally rode into the ground (below), his horsemanship was more in the style of the red Indians in American movies.*



the amateur heavyweight boxing title of New South Wales and 12 years later earned a four-goal rating in polo, although as a right-hander he was handicapped in having his good left eye on his off side.

At age 55, Sir Frank is now a bit beamy and about 34 pounds over his fighting weight of 182, but he still carries his shoulders in a distinctive combative style, like a boxer coming out of his corner. Since quitting the ring he occasionally has squared off in public on personal matters. In one instance, at Randwick racetrack, he fought bare-knuckle to a draw against two thugs hired, it was said, by a newspaper rival. Another time, after beating a lifelong friend, Wool Broker Jim MacLeod, in a midnight road race, to collect his bet (the supper tab) Packer pounded thunderously on the door of a rough night-spot in a bohemian section of Sydney called King's Cross. Refused admission (for tweaking the doorkeeper's nose), he fought his way in past half a dozen beefy bouncers. Packer's most spectacular boxing feat since retiring from the ring was born of the best of intentions. While demonstrating the illegal running head butt to friends, Sir Frank mused his human target completely and put his head through a plasterboard wall.

Packer's personality, indeed the whole style of the man, harks back to the rousing days of sportsmen like Jay Gould and Commodore Vanderbilt. He has quietly absorbed the debts of luckless colleagues. His loyalty to friends runs so strong that Jim MacLeod, the wool broker crony who has been through a number of adventures and misadventures with him, is prompted to say, "If I told Frank Packer that I had just murdered somebody, all he would ask is 'Where do we hide the body?'"

Nimble financial footwork and pure gall enabled Packer to make the punitive business of publishing pay off while he was still in his 30s. It helped, of course, that his father, Robert Clyde Packer, a shrewd man, was part owner of *Smith's Weekly*, a raucous broadsheet only Sydney could have produced. Young Frank quickly learned the ropes and, when Packer senior died in 1934, began pulling them. He made an early score by promising not to publish a daily in competition with a rich but nervous and elderly concern. This deal gave him \$178,000, which he sank into a women's

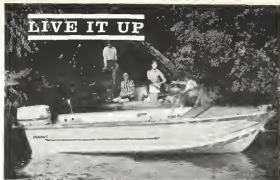
shopping guide. Today under the name *Australian Women's Weekly*, this publication has an astonishing circulation of 820,000 in a country of 10 million people.

Bankrolled by soaring profits from his *Women's Weekly*, Packer founded the *Daily Telegraph*, the fat and prosperous centerpiece of his present empire. Though he will toss his own money around like a maharaja, Packer is notoriously close with company cash and has even run checks on paper-clip consumption. With Sir Frank, time is money, and once finding nine staffers breasting the bar of a next-door pub during working hours, he fired the lot. A Packer employee suddenly fired (and the casualty list is quite long) is sometimes rehired the next day after Sir Frank has given cooler thought to the matter. On one now famous occasion, Packer mistook a visiting copy boy of a rival paper for one of his own, sacked the lad forthwith for cheeky behavior and handed him a week's termination pay of 30 shillings out of his own pocket. Sir Frank has never run into the boy again, but wishes he could ("I'd like to get my 30 bob back").

Sydney has been a sailors' town since 1788, when the First Fleet of 11 lime-juicers dumped about 1,000 convicts and settlers on its shore. Sitting on the 34th south parallel, the city has year-round temperatures comparable to Bermuda and weather that seldom is violent or rainy enough to keep sailors off the water. Even in midwinter there is a Mediterranean glitter to the harbor's unvoluted miles of deep-water bays, coves and sea creeks. Many Sydney sailors start early in life, but Sir Frank started earlier than most. He began, literally, at 3 as an impressed seaman lashed to the centerboard trunk of a 15-footer his father rented.

As a boy he sailed a *Vauchuse* Box, a jibless six-footer that in a brisk chop has only a trifle more stability than a pine coffin. In 1928 his prospering father bought the 65-foot cutter *Morna* that still is Australia's fastest ocean racer. It was at the helm of *Morna* (since sold and renamed *Kurewa IV*) that Packer won a reputation as a crack yachtsman. On occasional weekends over the last two years Packer has sailed on an old but very good American 12-meter sloop, *Piw*, which, despite her age, showed second-best in the American trials three years ago. Shortly before filing his bold challenge for the cup in early 1960, Sir Frank rented *Piw* from *Owen*.

continued



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**Valiant**

er John Matthews for a reported \$80,000. He had a triple purpose: he needed *Vim* for crew training and as a working mate for his own challenger when it was launched and as the prototype hull from which Australia's best marine architect, 40-year-old Alan Payne, could draw his basic plans for the new challenger. For the present, Designer Payne will only admit that his changes do not depart radically from *Vim*'s proven lines. "They're so slight," Payne explains, "that it would take *Vim*'s own designer, Olin Stephens, an hour's close inspection to detect them." The challenger's first test, of course, will come in her workouts against *Vim*. "A boat is a bit like a bride," grins Packer. "You don't really know how they'll perform until you get married."

What if the challenger turns out to be another *Sceptre*, a bust? Packer shrugs at this dim prospect philosophically. "We will say to New York: We've built a boat. It's a disappointment. If you still want us to come, we are ready." If the Aussie hull proves a worthy one to pit against *Columbia* or another U.S. defender, then the outcome of the race will depend on which country has the better crew and which hull, by the luck of it, happens to be better suited for the specific wind and water conditions that actually prevail on the decisive days next September.

#### More boldness needed

Although the Australian 12-meter challenger is still under wraps, it already is a point of pride down under. Whether the citizenry will feel the same pride in the challenger's crew is debatable. Among Sydney's blue-water veterans there is disquiet over the caliber of the 20 aspirants for crew berths. "Sunday-afternoon sailors," one expert sniffs, "Hardly a well-known name among them," complains another, succumbing to the unique Australian penchant for knocking the home team. The trouble, apparently, is that few of Australia's top yachtsmen have applied for the honor—with jobs to keep, they can't spare time to train. Though time is running short, a bold effort by Sir Frank probably can still correct the situation.

It is the tantalizing persistence of innamperies right down to the starting gun that makes an international sailing test, for all its science, as much a gamble as

*continued*

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His sons, Chide (left) and Kerry (right) do not pursue sports as intensely as Sir Frank did, but neither Packer boy seems to be wasting away for want of exercise.

## SYDNEY SAILORS continued

a six-furlong maiden race. In any sort of gamble, the Australians have a certain advantage. They are by nature—indeed, by faith—great gamblers. The fact that no challenger has ever won the America's Cup dismays no one. Losing in a cup race is just a tradition, and traditions do not thrive well in the climate down under. As the youngest children of the old Empire, the Australians inherited a rucksack full of tradition and are awed by none of it. And Cup Challenger Frank Packer is about as unawed as any Aussie.

### How to get knighted

When Queen Elizabeth visited Australia in 1954, Frank Packer sat beside her on the welcoming platform in Sydney. Looking out over the massed bands and the bunting, Packer confided to his Queen, "You are costing us a lot of money, but we are very glad to see you here." The Queen probably is a bright enough

crown jewel to appreciate a blunt Australian when she hears one; in any case, five years later she knighted Packer at Buckingham Palace.

The New York Yacht Club, traditional sponsor of the cup race, is already aware that in Sir Frank Packer they do not have the makings of another Tommy Lipton, a lovable old dispenser of goodwill and tea bags. When he visited the staid quarters of the New York club last winter, Sir Frank humbly observed that if he should take the ugly, costly old cup from them after so many years, "it would leave quite a mark on the sideboard." Then, with an appraising glance at his American hosts whom he hopes to beat, Sir Frank declared to a fellow Aussie, "Good types. All good types. They want to keep winning and I don't blame them. But," he added, with a trace of a snarl and a spark of fight showing in his one good eye, "so do I. If it's trouble you count, I'd just as soon pack it in. All we can do is give it a good go." **END**



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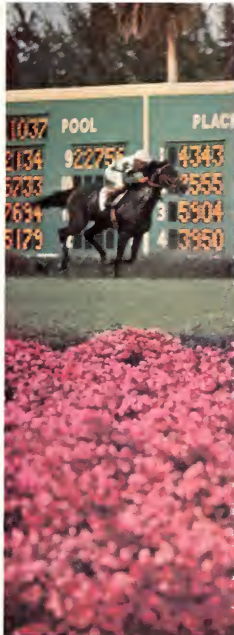
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 **ARROW** 

# ***Sporting Pink at Hialeah***

Rushing for the wire on Hialeah's turf course, Thoroughbreds form a moving backdrop for massed begonias that are typical of the Miami track's pink motif. In the next 10 days many of the finest horses in training will flash their brilliant colors here in the winter classics, and racegoers will judge the early form of some Kentucky Derby candidates. For a preview of the first major test in the East for 3-year-olds, turn the page.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JERRY COOKE





32046

POOL

SHOW

21505

POOL

1057

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12



While bettors may be in the red as they note the payoffs reflected in a paddock pool (below), the fans' bible, "The Daily Racing Form," turns a bright pink (left) to honor the big race on Flamingo Day. The tote blinks its message in water that is heated electrically to keep the South American lilies blooming at their accustomed tropical temperature.



## The Long Shots Make Their First Bid

**A**s the winter season approaches its climax at Hialeah and Santa Anita, upsets are the keynote. Heavy favorites, odds-on in many instances, are falling before less popular horses. In a few days at Hialeah, such overwhelming choices as Ridan, Carry Back and Cleada all finished second. Last Saturday at Santa Anita, Admiral's Voyage and Rutile Dancer were beaten.

The most interesting thing about this surge of the long shots is its effect on the annual pre-Kentucky Derby guessing game. The 88th Derby will be run on May 5 at Churchill Downs, and suddenly it seems that the Big Three—Sir Gaylord, Ridan and Crimson Sultan—may no longer be in the commanding positions they enjoyed after the Bahamas. This week they meet in the mile-and-one-eighth Everglades in their first effort over a genuine distance. They'll have a rematch in the Flamingo on March 3.

Last weekend at Santa Anita the mile-and-one-sixteenth San Felipe Handicap was won by Doc Jacoy. The victory strengthened his chance to be the favorite for the Santa Anita Derby, also on March 3, but the way the colts have been belting each other around in California this winter that test could go to any of half a dozen horses. So this may prove to be a season of long shots.

Some may question the tag "long shot" on a colt like Dead Ahead, since he has not lost in his four starts. Yet Dead Ahead has had to take a back seat to the big shots of his division. He may start against the Big Three for the first time in next week's Flamingo. If he does, don't underestimate him. He is a magnificent-looking bay son of Turn-to (a winner of the Flamingo), is owned by Captain Harry F. Guggenheim's Cam Hoy Stable and is a half brother to that stable's Bold Eagle and One-Eyed King. All three are out of the remarkable mare Suma. Brought along painstakingly as

a 2-year-old, Dead Ahead was given only two starts at Aqueduct last fall. He won the first by a length, the next by two and a quarter lengths. A suspicion of leg trouble persuaded Trainer Woody Stephens to take it easy with him at that point. Dead Ahead spent the first part of the winter in steady training at Columbia, S.C. In his first start at Hialeah, the same day that intentionally was putting the ax to Carry Back, he spread-eagled a good field by six lengths, covering seven furlongs in 1:23 4/5.

One of the observers at Hialeah that day was Wathen Knebelkamp, the white-haired entrepreneur of Churchill Downs, who was hustling nominations to the Kentucky Derby. He leaned over to Captain Guggenheim and said, "Well, Captain, I guess I can count on you in our big race. What do you say?" Guggenheim, whose Dark Star was a startling upset winner over Native Dancer in the 1953 Derby, peered over the rims of his glasses and replied, "What do I say? Wait till we beat something. Then we'll see." On Flamingo Day, Guggenheim, Woody Stephens and Dead Ahead will have a good chance to "beat something."

There are other colts at Hialeah that cannot be discounted now. One who also made his first start of the year a winning one is a gray son of Determine named Decidedly, owned by San Francisco Shipping Executive George Pope Jr. Though a little light behind compared to some of the Florida powerhouses, Decidedly ran his winning seven furlongs in 1:24 2/5. He hadn't started since last fall's Garden State (in which he was embroiled in a horrendous traffic jam), so his showing was a good one. Decidedly is in the hands of Trainer Horatio Luro, who did so well with Edward P. Taylor's Victoria Park two years ago. Pope, who races chiefly on the West Coast under the name of El Peco Ranch (his leading winner to date:

Anisado), has the right spirit for the campaign ahead: "I think if you don't shoot for the moon with your best horse you'll never get anywhere."

Joe Roebbing's Remy Lake, badly beaten in the Bahamas, may have had an excuse when he got off poorly and never settled into his running stride. Later, it was discovered that he was bothered by splint trouble. Certainly this son of Royal Charger has loads of potential. He is going to win his share of races this summer.

### Waiting for the Belmont

Finally, there is Jaipur, first in the Hopeful and two other stakes against top competition, who also will win his share. There's nothing wrong with Jaipur but, unfortunately for Hialeah fans, he is there to train rather than to race. Owned by George D. Widener, chairman of The Jockey Club, Jaipur won't make his first start until after the New York season opens in March. Then his owner will point him for the Belmont Stakes rather than for the Kentucky Derby, as he traditionally does with his well-bred stock. It may seem strange that Widener, whose name stands for the very best in American racing, has never had a Derby starter. Does he have something against this race?

"Not any more," says Widener. "Up until winter racing became so important, I was definitely against a race of the Kentucky Derby's caliber being run so early. But now, with most of the good 3-year-olds in training throughout the winter, I am not against the idea. I have had several horses nominated for the Derby. The first was St. James in 1924. He was the winter book favorite but unfortunately broke down in his final preparations. Since then I have nominated at various times but never had a starter." Although Jaipur won't make the 1962 Derby, Widener has a colt at the Fair Grounds in New Orleans named Endymion (under Trainer Syl Vetsch), who might be a useful substitute.

There are 10 weeks to go before the Derby—plenty of time for these long shots to turn the odds around.

—WHITNEY TOWER

## Mr. Wonderful of Wittenberg

Everyone at this small Ohio school has been a basketball nut since Ray Mears arrived with some surprising ideas about the sport and a vow to win the NCAA title

Ramon Asa Mears, basketball coach at Wittenberg University in Springfield, Ohio, has one wife, which is normal, two young sons, which is not unheard of, and a small, white convertible with a leaky top—which could happen to anyone. But beyond these, there are few similarities between Ray Mears and the rest of the basketball coaches in the U.S.

Mears began his career at Wittenberg a little over five years ago by modestly announcing at an alumni meeting: "My goal is to win the national championship." He was just 29 at the time, so the alumni, fully aware that the basketball team had lost 26 of its last 39 games,

forgive this outburst as a case of youthful idealism. Then Mears decided that the fast-break offense and the man-to-man defense, then favored by about 85% of the coaches in the country, would not do. He set to work developing his own offense and his own version of the zone defense. Finally, observing that Wittenberg games had been attracting as few as 100 students per night, Mears plugged for an increase in the size of the cheer-leading corps (with pretty coeds), the formation of a pep band and the installation of a huge tiger head at one end of the court. The results are impressive.

Mears's Wittenberg Tigers now have

won 114 of 136 games. They have not lost once in 56 starts at home. They have won the championship of the strong 15-team Ohio Conference for the past three years, and for the past two seasons Mears's complex zone defense has made Wittenberg the nation's No. 1 defensive team. Last year, in fact, Wittenberg allowed only 43.8 points per game and won the NCAA college division championship tournament.

On the wall of Mears's office is a plaque proclaiming him 1960 Ohio College Basketball Coach of the Year, an award that takes on added significance when you realize that the coaches who

YOUTHFUL MEARS (SHOWN WITH TROPHIES IN HIS OFFICE) CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHY OTHERS SCORN HIS SUCCESSFUL TACTICS



voted for Mears passed over such men as Ed Jucker of Cincinnati and Tom Blackburn of Dayton. There is also a long, mounted citation from the Ohio Senate, commending Mears for his part in "firmly establishing Ohio at the top of the basketball world." The sight of these does not remove the constant worried frown on Mears's youthful face. (At 35 he looks so boyish that a stranger would have difficulty picking him out from among his players.) "When you win that NCAA championship," he says, "it doesn't matter if you lose your whole team the next year. [He lost four of his five starters.] You've got to defend it every game."

To defend the title, Mears spends from one to three nights a week driving all over the state to scout opposing teams, often getting home after 3 a.m. Another night or two is taken up when Wittenberg itself has a game, and still another when he takes the entire team to a movie on the Friday before every Saturday game. ("It helps the team relax," says Mears, "and besides, then you know right where everyone is.") Mears also joins the team for dinner every evening after practice.

Since most Wittenberg students came from the upper quarter of their high school graduating class, recruiting can be a painful experience for Mears. He shudders whenever a high school coach tells him of a prospect who is "not good enough for a major college but just right for you." This year's team has no one over 6 feet 4 inches tall, but it does have a forward, Al Thrasher, who was named the outstanding high school player in Ohio, and two other starters from the annual Ohio-Indiana High School All-Star Game. Despite a lack of experience overall, it is a highly disciplined crew, and this is no accident. Mears is a bear for details. At practice, dressed in a red-and-white jacket, shoulders hunched up and hands stuffed into his pockets, he paces incessantly among his players, running and re-running plays with a brooding insistence on perfection. Road trips are so highly organized that every man is assigned not only to a certain car but to a specific seat ("the longest legs go in the right front"). "He's the only coach I know of," says one player, "who keeps a shot chart on the other team before the game starts." Mears is superstitious, too. He never changes his starting lineup when the team is winning; he wears the



**MEARS COMFORTS SON** after he turns his head during basketball game in collar.

same mustard-colored blazer at every game; every pregame meal concludes with the same dessert—a dish of green jello ("I don't know what he has against ice cream," sighs one starter).

Idiosyncrasies aside, it is tactics, not magic, that makes Ray Mears a winning coach. "We have three or four ways to defend every maneuver," he says, "and we have an offense that's tough to prepare for because it's unorthodox. I use the 1-3-1 offense because everyone else uses the two-guard offense. That way you have to make special preparations for us, and you lose a lot of practice time. Whatever you're going to do, I'm going to try to do the opposite."

"Some people say we run a slowdown game. That's not true. Call it disciplined. We'll fast-break whenever there's an opening, but we're never wild." To make sure his players don't take bad percentage shots, Mears has a rule: When in doubt, don't do it. Instead, he orders them to run the play again. "It may take another 20 seconds, but we'll get the basket," he says. The result: Wittenberg is currently making 44% of its shots. There is probably nothing Mears hates more than to see his team throw away the ball without even getting off a shot

—a misfortune known in the trade as a turnover. He is equally unhappy, of course, when the other team scores a basket, though this is kept to a minimum by Wittenberg's versatile zone defense. Mears favors the zone because it enables him to keep his few tall players near the basket and stop the opposition from driving in on fast breaks. He has developed a series of shifts and slides to hinder every known offense. "Of course, if they're bigger than we are," he admits, "they can overpower us by getting all the rebounds." Mears's guiding principle on defense is to put pressure on the opponent's best shooter. He will either double-team that man or simply assign one player to stick with him all over the court—which means that part of the team is actually playing man-for-man while the rest stays in a zone. "We're leaving a man free somewhere when we double-team," says Mears, "but it's a good gamble, because a lot of good basketball players can't think on their feet. We leave openings but they don't see them. Unless they've learned to play a team game, they'll usually wind up with their worst man taking the shot."

Mears's shifts are working better than ever this year. Wittenberg again leads the nation on defense. Opponents who normally make more than 40% of their shots are making only 32% against Wittenberg, and are scoring a meager 40.2 points per game. Wittenberg's last two losses, the first in conference play in three years, took place when two coaches finally decided to fight fire with fire—they used Mears-type zones. Why more haven't done so is a mystery to Mears. "I don't know why coaches act ashamed of using a zone," he muses. "It's part of the game, isn't it? I think it's mainly because they don't know how to crack zones, so they don't want others to start using them." Wittenberg home games are preceded by a Mears-planned production number. The gym is darkened, the crowd stomps and claps, the pep band socks out the Wittenberg fight song and the players rush onto the court through the jaws of the huge spotlighted wooden tiger head. "The whole place really gets fired up," glows Mears. "When we play *Tiger Ray*, we've got one trombone player who really goes nuts." He heartily approves of this. "I wanted that pep band," he says, "because my experience has always been that when you have a band, the crowd doesn't have to say a word." **END**

## The pot of gold at the foot of the mountain



Beaming back at Friedl Pfeifer, founder of the world's first professional ski racing association, Andri Molterer of Austria claims the automobile he has just won with four brilliant runs down Aspen Mountain

The world's first professional ski racing championships were over and Aspen's omnipresent snowman, Friedl Pfeifer, had finished dispensing the loot: a Mercury Comet automobile to Andri Molterer, \$1,200 to Ernst Hinterseer, \$650 to Christian Pravda, \$540 to Othmar Schneider, lesser amounts to a list of racers that included two Americans, Marvin Moriarty and Max Marolt, who had struggled valiantly to stem the Austrian avalanche. Then Pfeifer introduced his partner, Fred Iselin.

Iselin is a man of few comprehensible words. "Maybe this not much," Fred said, in his Austrian version of English, "but I look at day to come. A racer

whooshes up to finish line and stops short. What is he doing, you ask. I tell you what is he doing. He stops to figure out income tax bracket before he crosses line."

If Iselin is right, and already there are indications that he may be, then the International Professional Ski Racers Association (IPSRA) will be successful beyond even the dreams of Friedl Pfeifer, who for a long time dreamed alone. In a little over a year IPSRA has brought to solvency and saved from a ski instructor's fate some of the most brilliant Alpine racers of the last decade. IPSRA has also brought pleasure and excitement and entertainment to ski enthusiasts

from California to Quebec, and this is important to Pfeifer but not so important as the fact that it has afforded the racers themselves a chance to cash in on their wondrous skills once the brief moments of Olympic and FIS glory are over.

Last year, beginning with a small race won by Christian Pravda on Aspen's Buttermilk Mountain (\$1, Feb. 13, 1961), IPSRA conducted six races and permitted its members to compete in an outside-sponsored Canadian affair. The total prize money amounted to about \$15,000, just enough to encourage Pfeifer and his troupe to keep reaching for more. By winning two races and finishing

*continued*



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second several times last year, Molterer earned more than \$4,000, or almost twice his salary for teaching tourists to snowplow down Aspen Mountain. This year, with just half the season's 10 scheduled meetings completed, Molterer has won \$4,500 in cash or prizes alone and can hardly be blamed for feeling that he has slipped through a slalom gate into a pot of gold. This year he also receives \$3,000 for using and endorsing Kneissl skis and a share of the profits from Aspen Skewear, a bustling, revitalized company that makes the garish racing costume he wears. In all, Anderl Molterer, who once used to ski for medals and love and ski was, stands to accumulate more than \$15,000 out of pro racing this season, and some of his rivals—Hinterseer, Pravda and Popi Gramshammer—will not be too far behind. Molterer's rewarding life as a pro does not compare too favorably with the careers of Mickey Mantle or Arnold Palmer, perhaps, but it beats chopping wood in Kitzbühel.

"Skiing for money," says Molterer, "is more fun than skiing for medals. Even if it does hurt more when you fall down."

Through a 10-year amateur career, Molterer was always on the verge of becoming the world's greatest skier—except that he kept falling down. A small, trim man of 5 feet 6½ inches and 135 pounds, with dazzling white hair and a large nose, he won every great and famous race in Europe at one time or another and virtually every Olympic and FIS world championship medal except the ones of gold. "He was a wild man," says Othmar Schneider, who coached the Austrian Alpine team after winning a gold medal at Oslo in 1952 for himself. "Now Anderl is 30 years old and the experience has taught him caution. He is still a great skier, better than ever before, and he has learned when to go slow."

The world's first pro ski racing championships in Aspen consisted of a slalom race on Friday and a giant slalom on Sunday. On Friday, in a tight, turquoise racing suit, Molterer came flashing down the steep tracky old FIS slalom course on his first run in 1:04.9 to leave Hinterseer, the 1960 Squaw Valley Olympic slalom champion, .6 second behind. Gramshammer, a 29-year-old Sun Valley instructor who won last year's two final pro races and also the first two this season, was more than two seconds farther back. On

his second run Molterer eased up just a little; he skied the course in 1:07.3, while Hinterseer, driving desperately to catch up, crossed the line in 1:06.9. But the combined time for the two runs left Hinterseer still .2 second back and gave Molterer the first world title, pro or amateur, he had ever won. When Gramshammer fell on his second run, Schneider, the stylist, finished third, and old Christian Pravda, still a tiger at 35, came in fourth. Roger Staub, the happy warrior who won the giant slalom gold medal at Squaw Valley for Switzerland, finished fifth.

It rained on Friday night, an almost unheard-of midwinter occurrence in Aspen. By race time on Sunday, the steep, tortuous giant slalom course that Pfeifer had set was softened under a blistering sun. Perhaps it was well, else no one would have made it down alive. More than 3,500 people lined the mountain when Hinterseer pushed off ahead of 20 other racers to complete the first run in 1:02.3. When all the others had come down, Hinterseer was still ahead, Pravda was second in 1:02.5, Molterer was third in 1:03.7, Moriarty fourth in 1:06.3, Schneider lost too much time with a fall; Staub and Gramshammer and half a dozen others fell.

#### Dramatic show

With the starting order reversed for the second run, however, it was Molterer who came down first over the repacked snow, and Pfeifer said later that he had never seen Molterer—or perhaps anyone else—ski so dramatically well. Diving through the gates, careening over the bumps, sending up small explosions of dry snow as he edged and bobbed and weaved down the long, punishing course, Molterer sailed past the beam of the photoelectric timer at the finish line in 1:00.3. The crowd roared and the hearts of Hinterseer and Pravda hit their boots. Pravda came down in 1:03.1, Hinterseer in 1:03 but neither of these magnificent efforts was enough. Molterer was a world champion again. The photographers blinked their eyes at the dazzling magenta racing suit and recorded the moment for posterity.

"Do you have a driver's license, Anderl?" Pfeifer asked. Molterer nodded and grinned. Pfeifer gave him the keys to the new car. That night Molterer found a parking ticket stuck to the windshield outside the Hotel Jerome. He only grinned again.

IPSRA, despite its success to date, still

has a long way to go. There are problems: injuries, bad weather, too many Austrians, not enough money. Pfeifer had hoped for strong backing from within the ski industry. Aside from Head Ski Company and White Stag, which contributed \$3,000 apiece last year and added \$500 apiece for each race, he has been disappointed. The remainder of the \$3,000 guarantee for each pro race must come from the host ski area, which may or may not get its money back from the gate receipts.

"We had over 5,000 people in two days last year at Stevens Pass, which is just 80 miles from Seattle," Pfeifer says, "and this year there were 11,500 for the two days of racing at Heavenly Valley. But everything went wrong at Sugar Bowl: 70-mile-an-hour winds, three feet of snow, temperatures 15° below zero. Our timing gear broke down and the Mage Carpet tramway into the valley wouldn't run. We were lucky to have 400 there." Yet Pfeifer knows that although IPSRA may prosper for awhile even without great crowds, eventually admissions—and television—must carry most of the load.

Even before the 1962 season began, two of the tour's top attractions were lost in training accidents, the fabulous Stein Eriksen and graceful Tony Spiss, both with torn Achilles tendons. Pfeifer was fortunate to be able to replace one with Staub, the other with Hinterseer. "We still have too many Austrians," Pfeifer admits, "but most of the good racers of the past 10 years have been Austrian, so what can we do? Next year we hope to have Buddy Werner with us and some of those Frenchmen—Guy Perillat, Duvillard, Bozon. But it will have to be next year. We want to stay in the good graces of the amateur ski associations, so we will not take any skier under 24 years of age nor will we permit a racer to compete in amateur events and then join IPSRA the same year. We aren't trying to break up any FIS or Olympic teams. We just want those who have finished their amateur careers."

"I can see the day," he says, "when the troupe is made up of seven or eight Austrians, some Americans like Werner and Chuck Ferries, several Frenchmen—perhaps Duvillard, Perillat or Bozon—a few Germans and Swiss, Eriksen and another Scandinavian, maybe an Italian. Any one of them capable of winning any race. Then we will really have fun."

"I like it," says Molterer, "just the way it is."

END



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CHARLES GOREN / Bridge

## A bold bid stops Britain

Just before the World Contract Bridge Team Championships began in New York City, North America's non-playing captain, John Gerber of Houston, said: "There are no cowards among my players." He might have included himself in that statement.

A bridge team captain bears the heavy responsibility of deciding which four of his six-man squad will appear in each session and against which opposing pairs they are to play. Gerber adopted an ingenious combination of man-to-man and zone defense. He played certain pairs against certain others. He chose his pairs according to the way he felt they would react to playing in the closed room, where they are undisturbed, or the open room, where they are under

great pressure from a large audience watching close at hand.

When things went badly in the match against Great Britain, Gerber took the bold step of splitting his pairs, in spite of the fact that this year's North American team had been selected to provide three well-practiced partnerships. Needing a swing, Gerber broke up his fellow Houstonians and his two Californians, he threw together his two veterans, daring to select Lew Mathe to play with G. Robert Nail. They appeared as partners, for the first time anywhere, midway through the critical match against Italy.

On at least one hand, the strategy backfired. Nail, obviously under strain in the new partnership, went into an unaccountable blackout and pulled the wrong card on a deal that cost his team 18 International Match Points. The "I-told-you-so's" got ready to point the finger of scorn at Gerber, but his judgment was vindicated the next day. Going into action against Britain 61 points behind, with 48 boards to play, Gerber's fired-up team came through to win a squeaker by 13 IMPs, 345 to 332. The hand shown at left made a crucial contribution to the victory of the new partnership.

The British were moving along the road to a slam as smoothly as they had set out on their march to Lexington and Concord nearly two centuries ago, when Minuteman Nail suddenly fired his five-spade shot into the nuction. That bid blocked North from responding to the four-no-trump bid in a way that would show he didn't have an ace. South had to guess and simply assumed that his partner must have the ace of diamonds as part of his opening bid.

Mathe doubled the grand slam. Nail opened a diamond—the double of a slam usually calls for the opening lead of dummy's suit—and Mathe's diamond ace set the contract.

In the other room Charles Coen of Boston and Eric Murray of Toronto, with no interference from the opponents, found out that they lacked one of the aces and stopped at six hearts, which they made for 1,430. The combined gain of 1,630 for North America was worth 19 IMPs—more than enough to win the match and set the stage for the last day's dramatic final against Italy.

### EXTRA TRICK

When you are not vulnerable, you can sometimes afford to make a bid that will disrupt the enemy's communications. Anytime you can force them to guess, there's always a chance they'll guess wrong.

END

North-South vulnerable  
North deals

NORTH (Dealer)	EAST (Partner)	SOUTH (Partner)	WEST (Nail)
1♠	PASS	3♥	PASS
3♥	PASS	4 N.T.	5♠
PASS	PASS	5 N.T.	PASS
5♠	PASS	7♥	PASS
PASS	DBL.	PASS	PASS
PASS			

Opening lead: 2 of diamonds

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DRY?**

**FACE  
IRRITATED?**

**HANDS  
CHAPPED?**



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## The Ways of Life at the Country Club



The four well-dressed gentlemen and two wee caddies above are making social history. This picture, which was the first golf photograph taken in this country, shows the players on a green at St. Andrews Golf Club in Yonkers, N.Y. The year is 1888. St. Andrews was the first country club in the U.S. where golf was played, and it was there that it became identified as an upper-class sport. Golf

subsequently brought about the rise of country clubs all over the land. In the years since the men of St. Andrews set foot on their grubby links, country clubs have become a socially important part of American life. Despite this significance, the clubs have received little serious examination. The first of two articles on country clubs, their history, manners and mores begins on the next page.

## Part I: Tuxedo Park to Family Junction

by Robert H. Boyle

One of the distinctive hallmarks of our mobile, suburban society is the country club. The country club is a uniquely American institution. In its 80 years of existence it has undergone an evolution that amounts to a revolution. Originally a patrician playground loosely modeled on the great English country house with its leisurely weekend, the country club is becoming a year-round family fun center that has more resemblance to the local bowling palace out on Route 1 than to any plutocratic pleasure dome.

There are 3,300 country clubs of all kinds in the U.S. The membership totals 1.7 million. Approximately 3,000 of these clubs are the classic type, privately owned by the members. Nationally, they take in about \$250 million a year in dues and fees. They sell \$500 million worth of food and beverages. The average club has between 400 and 600 members, gross annual dues of \$100,000 to \$150,000 and a food and beverage sale of \$150,000 to \$250,000.

Surprisingly, the sociologists have largely ignored the country club. Only the novelists—Sinclair Lewis, J. P. Marquand and John O'Hara—have examined it in detail. Perhaps O'Hara, with his deadly social awareness, etched the sharpest picture of "the country-club set" in *Appointment in Samarra*, published in 1934. Brilliant as the novel was, O'Hara might have to change some things if he were writing it today. Sex, for instance, seems to be on the way out at the club (the growing family influence, you know), and gin rummy has supplanted bridge as the club's most popular card game.

Americans join country clubs for a variety of reasons, most of them intertwined with one another. The main reasons appear to be:

**Golf.** The game is at an alltime popular high, but it is almost impossible to play on a public course at one's convenience. There is now only one course for every 29,000 Americans, compared to one for every 21,000 in the early '30s. In the last decade alone the number of women golfers has jumped 44%.

**Social prestige.** Club membership firmly places a member and his family in the local hierarchy. It is tangible recognition of having "arrived." (In Chicago, Irish Catholics advertised their arrival by brunching at the South Shore Country Club after Sunday Mass.) "It's all prestige, the whole damn thing," says one club manager.

**Emotional security.** "We have become a nation of near-strangers through the impersonal urbanization process," writes Charles F. Hathaway, a Los Angeles club manager

who studied more than 200 country clubs while doing graduate work at Michigan State. "When we are with our own kind, such as in our club, the threat of association with people greatly different from ourselves is greatly lessened." (In Chicago leading gangsters sought one another's companionship at the Mount Prospect Country Club. However, when the club ran into financial difficulties a few years ago, local residents, who at the start had joked about the Mafia Open, voted to buy it out.)

**Business contacts.** "Unless you belong to a country club, you're nobody in the eyes of some of your business acquaintances," says a Louisville railroad man. A Chicago executive says, "The club is really a kind of grease, like a fraternity. It makes it easier for you to pick up business." From coast to coast, business infiltrates the country club. A Boston advertising agency has a low-70s golfer whose only job is to soften up prospective clients on the course. A Seattle firm has hired "an Ivy League type" for the same purpose. "We have to have a man who can play a good game of golf and has all the social graces to bring in the business that's to be picked up around clubs," says a partner. "Our man does a fine job at it. He's no great shakes as a lawyer, but he doesn't have to be."

As early as the late 18th century there were signs of the country club to come. In 1795 Charleston had a golf clubhouse, and a decade later Augusta and Savannah each had one, in which members staged balls and parties. But these clubs were the creations of lonely Scotsmen longing for the ancient game, and none lasted long. It was not until the post-Civil War boom, when the U.S. was turning from a rural, agricultural nation into an urban and industrial colossus, that the country club came into existence to stay.

It seems odd now, but the early country clubs had no connection at all with golf. The first club formed was The Country Club in Brookline, Mass., in 1882. (It is a gauche error of the worst sort to refer to the club as the Brookline Country Club. It is always The Country Club. As Dixon Wecter remarks in *The Saga of American Society*, The Country Club has never assumed a place name because "it is *an genus*, like the roc's egg.")

The Country Club was the idea of James Murray Forbes, a Proper Bostonian and a well-known sportsman and horseman. One of the coaching vet, Forbes looked upon the Brookline countryside as the logical terminus for the then fashionable tallyho drives. "... The general idea," went the original prospectus, "is to have a comfortable clubhouse for the use of members and their families, a simple



restaurant, bedrooms, bowling alley, lawn tennis grounds and so on; also to have race meetings and, occasionally, music in the afternoon." Horse racing was one of the main attractions at the club; there is still a track surrounding the first and 18th fairways.

Two years later the Country Club of Westchester County began. A contemporary observer noted that it had "developed from a suggestion to organize a tennis club into a determination to found a club where all country sports could be enjoyed." The club had tennis courts, a polo field, a race-track, baseball diamond, traps for live pigeon shooting, boats, bathhouses and a pack of hounds.

In 1886 Pierre Lorillard III, heir to the snuff and tobacco fortune, created the most sumptuous club of all at Tuxedo Park, 40 miles northwest of New York City. On 7,000 of the 600,000 acres he owned in the area, Lorillard, in collaboration with the architect Bruce Price, the father of Emily Post, built a water system, 22 domed cottages weathered to medieval charm, a huge wooden clubhouse, stables, a swimming tank, a trout hatchery and a gatehouse that Price described as looking "like a frontispiece to an English novel." Tuxedo bespoke leisure and wealth; its initial cost was \$1.5 million. Several years later Lorillard spent the balance of \$2 million building a golf course, a racetrack and a mile-long toboggan slide lit by electricity. Only the best people—William Waldorf Astor, C. Oliver Iselin, Ogden Mills, Sir Roderick Cameron, the British consul in New York, and the like—were admitted, and from the beginning the club made social history. At the first of its annual Autumn Balls, which still signal the start of the New York social season, young Griswold Lorillard appeared in a tailless dress coat that the herd knows as a "tuxedo."

Given such a magnificent send-off, the country club became the rage. A great moment came in 1888 when John Reid, a Scot, bonded together with five other congenial souls in Yonkers, N. Y., to build a golf course. They called their little group St. Andrews. The game caught on at established country clubs, whose members became enthusiastic about this latest sporting import from Britain. In Brookline, The Country Club, under prodding from such distinguished members as Arthur Hunsnewell and G. E. Cabot, appropriated \$50 for the construction of an experimental six-hole course. There is a legend that the spectators became quite bored watching the first match after one participant scored a hole in one on the first hole and the other players failed to duplicate the feat. In 1894 St. Andrews, The Country Club and three other clubs formed the U.S. Golf Association. The country club, energized by golf, was on its way. In Springfield, N.J., Louis Keller of the *Social Register* started Baltusrol, and up the Hudson River, Chauncey Depew and William Rockefeller helped to found the Ardley Casino, forerunner of the present-day Ardley Country Club.

The yellow press scoffed at these "howling swells" who golfed in scarlet jackets and leg wrappings, worn as protection against the nonexistent gorse, but to Henry James, returning to the U.S. in 1904 after a 30-year absence abroad, the country club was an object of admiration. It was the perfect place for the elite to relax. At the 19th hole of St.

Andrews, Charles Schwab put together U.S. Steel by persuading Andrew Carnegie to sell out to J. P. Morgan. (Carnegie never lingered long at the club. Fearful of abduction, he always left the grounds before nightfall.) In Washington, William Howard Taft shrugged off Theodore Roosevelt's warning that golf was a dude's game and betook his bulk to Chevy Chase, where he built a cottage. At the same club Woodrow Wilson courted Edith Bolling Galt, and he was on the course when he heard of the sinking of the *Lusitania*.

All country clubs received a great deal of impetus from golf, and in 1913 golf received an impetus from Francis Ouimet, an ex-caddie at The Country Club. One of a host of Catholic youngsters who toiled bags for the Brahmins, Ouimet popularized golf the country over when, at the age of only 20, he defeated Harry Vardon and Ted Ray, Britain's greatest, in the playoff round of the U.S. Open. By almost a lateral stroke he made golf a game for the masses.

In the '20s the country club was carried to the farthest reaches. By 1929 there were 4,500 clubs in the U.S., the highest number ever attained. The city of Zenith in Lewis' *Anbott* had two: the Tonawanda Country Club for the upper crust and the Outing Golf and Country Club for the aspiring business class. That go-getter real estate man, George F. Babbitt, a member of Outing, was wont to say with frequency, "You couldn't hire me to join the Tonawanda, even if I did have a hundred and eighty bucks to throw away on the initiation fee." Sociologist Mark Benny has speculated that golf became popular with the American businessman because it answers the needs of the independent capitalist. In hitting the ball from hole to hole, the golfer is symbolically directing his own destiny. Golf, in short, is a game of *laissez-faire*. It is not coincidental, Benny says, that both golf and Adam Smith came out of Scotland at the same time.

During the '30s the Depression forced a quarter of the private clubs to close. World War II put a further crimp in country clubs. Indeed, it was not until 1956 that the number of clubs held steady at 2,800 and then began to increase. Today clubs are being built at about the rate of 100 a year, and there would be more but for the expense involved. The National Golf Foundation in Chicago, which operates a planning service for persons wishing to start a country club, estimates that it costs on the average of \$500,000 to \$750,000 to build a clubhouse for 300 members and an 18-hole course.

Maintenance costs are at all-time highs. The latest annual survey of country club finances by Horwath & Horwath, an accounting firm that specializes in the club and hotel field, reveals that for the 12th straight year private country clubs are operating at a loss. (The current average deficit is 6%.) Golf is a steady loser financially, incapable of paying its own way. Harris, Kerr, Forster, another accounting firm in the field, reports the upkeep of the average golf hole costs \$3,059, 56% more than it did in 1951. The dining room, which must be open for two or 300 guests, is another loser.

In general, country clubs have attempted to make up the deficit by increasing dues (the average club dues have almost doubled in the past 10 years, from \$200 to \$360).

continued

raising the initiation fee (the average fee has almost tripled to \$1,000 in the same period of time) or simply assessing the members for the difference. Of course, none of these methods is popular with club members, who no sooner recover from one socking when they are slugged with another. To quell the protests, clubs have experimented with a variety of methods to increase income. Some catered to outside parties, but a year ago the Internal Revenue Service ruled that any private club that derived 25% of its income from nonmembers would lose its nonprofit tax status. Other clubs imposed a monthly minimum for food and drink, but again Internal Revenue ruled that all such charges were subject to the 20% federal excise tax.

To offset rising costs some clubs have sold their property outright and moved farther out. (Only in California have country clubs gotten a break on real estate taxes: a year ago voters approved an amendment to assess club land at the rate specified for recreational purposes rather than at building value.) What most clubs have done to bring in money is to encourage day-in, day-out participation by members. To do this they have increased the number of social memberships while keeping the golf memberships down. After all, only so many golfers can use the course, and the social members concentrate on only the last hole of the 19. As a result of the influx of social members, the bar till, in theory anyway, clinks merrily from morn to night.

Increased participation also means family participation. "At my club," says one manager, "golf has gotten to the point where the men are allowed to play on Wednesday and Saturday." In fact, a number of clubs now report more women than men use the course. "The women are fine," says another manager, "as long as you keep them off the house committee. They can't get together on colors."

To lure the family, clubs have built tennis courts and swimming pools. (One harassed male refers to the latter as "the cheapest baby-sitting service in the world.") Other clubs have added bowling alleys, which take up the slack in winter when the course is closed. The club is even changing architecturally. In place of the spacious timbered structures of the past have come glass and concrete pillboxes designed for maximum efficiency—and the maximum buck. In *Planning the Golf Clubhouse*, Harold J. Cliffer warns the lounge "should not be designed to provide seating for large groups gathered for affairs. As a matter of club economics, the space should be relatively small, not too amply furnished and accessible to the cocktail lounge. This acts as an inducement for people not able to find seating in the lounge to gather in the cocktail lounge and have a before-dinner or before-luncheon cocktail. Activity in the cocktail lounge is much more profitable from the standpoint of the management than having the lounge furniture warmed by nonpatronizing members or guests." On no account, he adds, should the bar be placed in the dining room: "... the drinkers feel too inhibited about imbibing freely while exposed to the scrutiny

of the diners, and as a result of too little patronage, the management has complained bitterly that the bar cannot make money in such a location."

In recent years an increasing number of clubs have turned to a professional manager to solve their problems. Club managing is the latest of American occupations to be upgraded to professional status. There is a Club Managers Association of America, with 2,200 members, a headquarters in Washington and a monthly journal. Several colleges offer majors in the field, the most notable of which is the School of Hotel Administration at Cornell. There budding country club managers are put through a four-year course, crowned by a Bachelor of Science degree, in which they study such subjects as Chemistry and Its Application to Food Preparation, Human Relations, Classical Cuisine and Sanitation in the Food Service Operation. Once a year Cornell and the CMAA get together in Ithaca for a week-long seminar on club problems. In a class session last September the managers were advised to use "chef recommendations" on the menu for items that were either overstocked or unusually profitable and to avoid foreign names for dishes because they made guests hesitant to order.

To keep the club humming, managers have gone on a party spree. "Show me a successful country club and I'll show you one that gives parties and lots of them," Leonard Taylor, president of a party-favor firm, told club managers convened in Ithaca a few years ago. "A well-planned party is the push that gets families out of their homes and into the club. A party gives them the sip and taste of country club life and makes them want to come back."

The secret of a successful party is the knack of combining profitable food (drink is always profitable) with a theme that will bring the members out in droves. The most popular party is a Hawaiian luau. (The Elmcrest Golf and Country Club in Cedar Rapids, Iowa put one on for \$1,537 and grossed \$4,111.) Next in popularity is a Roaring Twenties party. (The Morris County Golf Club near Morristown, N.J. plastered the walls with old advertisements of sheet music and records and dressed the staff in Charlie Chaplin and Mae West costumes two weeks before the big event. "It was pretty hard to come to the club and not realize that something to do with the Roaring Twenties was going to happen soon," Taylor exulted.) Other favored parties are a Night in Paris, in which the invitations are mailed by postcard from France a couple of weeks before; a Night on the Steppes, in which a waiter dresses as a bear and cavorts to Russian folk tunes; a Balinese Purification Feast, featuring three large altars in the ballroom heaped with fruits, leaves and flowers; and a Night in Monte Carlo, in which the members gamble with "play money," which they actually bought beforehand and will cash later—sometimes for prizes. A most unusual party is the one given on Labor Day by the Meshingonesia Country Club in Marion, Ind. It is a Labor Union party. The theme is "something for nothing," with every fifth guest getting a free meal.

Country clubs today generally fall into six categories: top-status, middle-class, minority, rural, proprietary and industrial. The classic situation is for a city to have three

continued

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clubs: top-status for the elite, middle-class for the strivers and just plain folks, and the minority club for the Jews.

Some top-status clubs are known nationally. Among these would be Chevy Chase, The Country Club, the Los Angeles Country Club, the Country Club of Detroit, the St. Louis Country Club and the Burlingame near San Francisco. These clubs are preeminent in their communities, though there may be a second club that is hard on their heels for prestige. In Detroit, for example, Bloomfield Hills runs a close second to the Country Club of Detroit, but since CCD has 10 of the Ford family as members to BH's one, CCD has a clear edge. "It's not how many Cadillacs you have in the garage," says an observer of the Detroit social scene, "but how many Fords at the party." The Country Club of Detroit was the scene of Charlotte Ford's \$250,000 debut in 1959. Guests entered through an elegant corridor specially lined with pink-blooming topiary roses and akoeved French punching that gave no hint that the men's locker room was behind the false front. In smaller cities a rough rule of thumb for spotting the top club is to find out where the Junior League meets.

Although, as E. Digby Baltzell, a University of Pennsylvania sociologist, points out in *Philadelphia Gentlemen*, membership in the top-status club is often an accurate social index, it is not necessarily an indicator of prestige in some cities. In Philadelphia, Baltzell writes, "the higher one goes in the social class hierarchy, the less important the role of the country club is in leisure-time activities. There are numerous first families along the Main Line and in Chestnut Hill who are never seen at country clubs even if they belong, and many do not. A Proper Chicagoan, who visits in Chestnut Hill, would meet his host's friends in their own houses; in Lake Forest, the Philadelphian would be more likely to meet his Proper Chicagoan's friends at various elaborate country clubs."

More often than not, top-status clubs exhibit certain traits. For example:

The top club is not necessarily physically impressive, much less elaborate. The grounds are neat, but the clubhouse is genteelly run down. The interior is subdued. "The highest prestige club," Hathaway writes, "holds to the older decoration themes. A front door, though worn and beaten, will be kept in place long after it has served its useful life, because it seems to have a unique character of its own. The middle class clubs, on the other hand, are continually redecorating and attempting to keep furnishings as well as facilities up with a brand-new air about them."

The top club serves simple food. "The higher the prestige of a club, and thereby the social status of its members," Hathaway writes, "the less likelihood you will have of encountering showiness [in food]. At the top members resist any show for fear other members will think they are trying to impress them." It is in the middle-class clubs that one is likely to find flaming-sword dishes and glittering ice carvings. Thus in Houston, when Golfcrest, a middle-class club

that attracts the successful used-car salesman, held an inter-club match, *chili con queso* dip, crabmeat dip and guacamole salad were served between the ninth and 10th holes. When the top-status Houston Country Club was return host, its members simply served cheese and crackers. Hathaway says class tastes may also be discerned on a "hard-soft" scale. "The upper classes," he writes, "seem to prefer hard, firm bread, and the lower classes... softer rolls."

The top club has a strict sense of privacy. The Country Club of Detroit issues no membership roster at all. Bloomfield Hills lists only names. Other clubs, like Oakland Hills and Forest Lake, put out a complete list, with business and home phone numbers; Forest Lake also lists addresses.

The top club keeps its privacy despite the fiercest assaults of the press. A member of Burlingame would never reveal his golf score to a newspaperman, not even if he scored a hole in one. Officers of The Country Club have steadfastly refused to say what happened to the remains of an elderly lady, a Cushing, who requested that her ashes be scattered on the 18th green. White House reporters say they never saw President Eisenhower so angry as he was the day photographers invaded the sacrosanct trophy room at the Augusta National. "They are not going to take any pictures in that room!" he thundered. The photographers retreated en masse, though one discreetly snapped away "in case he toppled over." Later the President posed outside the clubhouse.

The top club has next to nothing to do with golf tournaments. Oh, Augusta has the Masters, but the Masters is the Masters, and the winner gets to wear the club's green coat. When The Country Club held the U.S. Amateur a couple of years back, some members threatened to resign. Only once in its long history has the National Golf Links of America in Southampton, "America's snootiest golf course," tolerated a professional tournament. That was in 1928, when the members may have been carried away by the bull market. At any rate, the professionals had a difficult time. They were kept out of the clubrooms and the restaurant, and only after an argument were they allowed to use the showers.

The top-status club prohibits business discussions. To talk business at The Country Club, *FORTUNE* once noted, "would be calamitous. As the background for a Boston business date, the Brue Burn Club, out Newton way, would be the choice. It's social, too, but most of the members have known what it was to make a buck the hard way." One exception to the rule is the Country Club of Detroit. Members would object to an outright sales pitch, but it is all right to talk shop about cars. "We eat and sleep autos in this town," says a steel executive. "It gets so that when you go to church you expect to see a car up on the altar." Of course, shop talk sometimes pays off well. Another executive once overheard a conversation that prompted his company to change the remodeling plans at one of its mills.

## NEXT WEEK: PART II

How a middle-class club got middle-class... discrimination... and the rise of clubs operated solely for profit

# The Gas-saving "4" with Pontiac Punch!



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# Basketball's Week

by MERVIN HYMAN

## THE EAST

Duquesne and Villanova, the East's leaders for so many weeks, were finding the going tougher. Little Westchester, attacking deliberately and defending tenaciously, led Duquesne a merry chase and upset the Dukes 63-61. And things got worse when Duquesne went west to play Dayton. They lost again, 71-48. Villanova stumbled in Buffalo. Canisius stormed through the Wildcats' meager defense after Hubie White fouled out and won 80-76.

St. John's was idle, but New Yorkers were as high on NYU after the Violets beat West Virginia 85-75. For once, the precocious Violets showed a sticky defense, and the Mountaineers were rarely able to shake loose their famed fast break. Tom Boese shadowed Rod Thum effectively, and sophomores Barry Kramer and Happy Harrison did the rest. Between them they scored 50 points. Against Georgetown, Kramer got 23 points, Hairston 16, Boese 15, and NYU won 76-67.

Elsewhere in the East the tournament push was on. La Salle upset St. Joseph's 72-71 in the Mid-Atlantic, Connecticut beat Massachusetts 72-56 in the Yankee, Yale whipped Cornell 77-56 to take over the Ivy lead. Holy Cross trounced St. Francis 85-51 and Connecticut 103-64 as Jack Foley scored 56 points, Providence faltered against Rhode Island and lost 71-61 but came back to whip Boston U. 98-62; Navy, after beating Rutgers 77-50, succumbed to Duke 91-72; Manhattan surprised Temple 70-65. The top three:

1. ST. JOHN'S (20-4)
2. VILLANOVA (20-6)
3. NYU (20-3)

## THE SOUTH

"We are as good as Kentucky in any town in the U.S., except Lexington," moaned Mississippi State's Babe McCarthy. He was wrong. For the first time in 60 years State was better than Kentucky in Lexington. While the exasperated Wildcats and their even more exasperated coach, Adolph Rupp, looked on helplessly, the Bulldogs went into a frustrating slowdown. They probed cautiously and shot sparingly (26 shots) but accurately (18 baskets), and won 49-44 to tie Kentucky for the SEC lead. Then, while shocked Kentucky rooters watched, the impish McCarthy laid a wreath of dead flowers on the Wildcats'

basket. Explained McCarthy, "That's a wreath the Kentucky boys hung on our door in Starkville last year after they beat us. I told my boys we would return the favor if we beat them." Five nights later State beat Florida 67-45 to take over first place. However, third-place Auburn was still very much alive. The Tigers shuffled past Florida 64-60 and LSU 55-50 and then waited patiently for Kentucky to come to Auburn on February 26.

After weeks of being chased, Duke was suddenly the chaser in the tight ACC race. Wake Forest and North Carolina State both moved ahead of the Blue Devils. Wake Forest's big Len Chappell, who warmed up with 50 points in a 116-67 win over Virginia, crashed Duke's defenses for 37, and the Deacons won 91-79. He got 32 more as Maryland fell 81-78. N.C. State had no one quite so awesome as Chappell, but the Wolfpack managed to beat North Carolina 85-57, South Carolina 78-75 and Clemson 74-71.

Virginia Tech was busy tuning up for the Southern Conference tournament. Bucky Keller and Howard Pardue scored at a merry clip as the Gobblers scored past William & Mary 104-65, VMI 85-71 and Richmond 78-69. In the Ohio Valley, Western Kentucky defeated Middle Tennessee 87-81 and Murray 96-77 to move closer to the title. The top three:

1. MISSISSIPPI STATE (20-1)
2. KENTUCKY (17-2)
3. DUKE (17-4)

## THE MIDWEST

Maybe the pressure was beginning to tell on Ohio State. The Buckeyes weren't quite so overpowering against Big Ten leaders Michigan and Michigan State on the road. They bumbled a bit on offense, but there was nothing wrong with their defense as they beat Michigan 72-57 and Michigan State 80-72. Despite the close victories, the trail was growing colder for OSU's pursuers. Wisconsin slipped further behind after losing to Michigan 84-65, and Purdue's talented Terry Dischinger crashed the last bit of hope out of Illinois. He scored 45 points as Purdue defeated the Illini 100-88.

With Cincinnati coming up Monday, Missouri Valley leader Bradley was worried. The Braves would have to do without 6-foot-8 sophomore Joe Strawder, who was booted out for "conduct detrimental to the school."

They beat Drake 83-77 with Strawder and Chicago 69-39 without him, but the difference was apparent. Meanwhile, the Bearcats squashed George Washington 83-43 and then beat Houston at its own slowdown game, 59-47.

Colorado and Kansas State were still winning in the Big Eight. The Buffs beat Oklahoma State 64-56 and Kansas 65-61; K-State outran tall but slow Oklahoma and won 74-63. Bowling Green battered Ohio U. 83-53 to clinch the Mid-American title, while independents Loyola (16-2), Butler (19-5), Creighton (16-4), Xavier (13-8) and Marquette (12-7) were hoping to attract tournament scouts. The top three:

1. OHIO STATE (20-6)
2. CINCINNATI (21-2)
3. BRADLEY (20-3)

## THE SOUTHWEST

Favorites come and go in the SWC and last week it was SMU's turn to get a vote of confidence. The spunky Mustangs tied up Texas Tech's big Harold Hudgins and little Del Ray Mounds, plopped in 26 of their 29 foul shots and upset the Raiders 68-63 at Lubbock to force a three-way tie (with Tech and Texas A&M) for first place. But the Aggies were far from finished. They made the most of Carroll Broussard's magnificent touch (54 points in two games) to beat Texas 54-48 and TCU 87-65.

Arizona State knocked over Hardin-Simmons 95-67 and Pasadena 130-65. The top three:

1. ARIZONA STATE (20-8)
2. HOUSTON (20-8)
3. SMU (20-4)

## THE WEST

For a while USC had a chance to climb back into the Big Five race. The Trojans forced UCLA to give ground and whipped the Bruins 74-60. But next night UCLA did less sloughing off on USC's Big John Rudometkin in the pivot and paid more attention to the corner men. Johnny Green got in some long-range bombing for 20 points, and the Bruins won 66-62. But UCLA isn't home free yet. It must still play Stanford twice, and the Indians were just 1½ games behind after beating California twice, 64-51 and 59-54.

The Skyline race—and perhaps an NCAA tournament berth—will be settled Thursday when Utah and Utah State meet in Logan to break their first-place tie. Utah State put down one contender when it beat Colorado State U. 77-70 on the Rams' home grounds, while Utah merely turned loose Billy McGill and he scored 88 points to get the Utahs past New Mexico 90-65 and Denver 109-70.

Oregon State's slips began to show once the Beavers left home. They lost to Seattle 74-73 when little Tom Shauls dropped in two foul shots in the last second and then bowed to Washington 73-61. The top three:

1. UTAH (19-3)
2. OREGON STATE (27-9)
3. UCLA (20-8)



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# 19<sup>TH</sup> HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

## THE NEW ZEALANDERS

Sirs:

Snell's record-setting mile, not to mention the 880 and 800 meters (*World's Greatest Distance Runners*, Feb. 12) is something that was forecast two years ago by one of his fellow New Zealanders, Murray Halberg, the gold medalist in the 5,000 meters at Rome. Halberg, to quote from *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* (Sept. 12, 1960), said in reference to his own training with two marathon runners, "The marathon runners beat me by a second, I beat Snell by a second. He'll be the greatest runner in the world in a few years."

JOHN H. O'KEEFE

Fort Belvoir, Va.

Sirs:

Dementis to *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* for presenting a highly interesting article on brilliant New Zealand middle-distance runner Peter Snell without making even passing mention of another eminent New Zealander, the late and great Jack Loveleck, 1936 Olympic 1,500-meter champion and world mile-record holder, who by himself put his country on the track map to stary.

ASA BUSINELL

Princeton, N.J.

## SONNY'S DAY

Sirs:

A big hand for Robert Boyle (*Will Floyd Fight Sonny?* Feb. 12). As one who has followed Liston's life, I have no doubt in my mind at all that Sonny Liston will defeat Floyd Patterson this year and become the next world heavyweight boxing champion.

CARL SWANSON

Athens, Ohio

Sirs:

I don't know how you can possibly mention that jerk in the same breath with the great Sugar Ray.

BOB GREENE

Brooklyn

Sirs:

If D'Amato picks Floyd's opponents in the future as carefully as he has in the past, Patterson will be the first heavyweight champion to retire undefeated at age 65 and kill boxing in the process.

PRESTON G. ACKER

Lynchburg, Va.

Sirs:

The school of thought that makes the most sense to me is the one that says since

Liston is not in jail or on parole, he should be allowed to fight anyone.

JAMES M. MOLAN

Chicago

Sirs:

I am all in favor of a cleaned-up boxing profession, but I am frankly disgusted with any system that permits the champion to sidestep any recognized and qualified opponent to fight nobodies. After all, why is there any listing of challengers if being listed as No. 1 does not rate at least a shot at the title?

LIEUT. DAVID S. TEACHOUT, USN

Marina, Calif.

Sirs:

As far as boxing is concerned Liston's rehabilitation is a scapegoat. The rehabilitation of boxing itself is the issue.

DANIEL DE ESCUENAPA

Los Angeles

## HERE, FIDO

Sirs:

I'm no partisan of pretentiously meaningless dogs' names like Fancy-pants Doomsday of Skid Row (I made that up; take it, anybody), but sometimes a yellable name doesn't best fit the beast (*Show Dogs' Names Shouldn't Happen to a Dog*, Feb. 12).

ALEXANDER TAYLOR

New York City

Sirs:

I feel sure that Robert Cantwell never took the trouble to find out the basic reasons why the trend is as it is. One of the most important is that, because of the desire of so many persons to have a dog of purebred origin, breeders have established an increasing number of breeding kennels and, in turn, have registered their kennel names with the AKC. Any litters of puppies whelped by that breeder subsequently will bear that kennel name to indicate the "line." For instance, anyone familiar with hound breeds would instantly recognize that Tyburn's London Derrere is a basset hound bred by Mrs. Carolyn Rabson (Tyburn'sherkennel).

Before Mr. Cantwell falls off his chair laughing at purebred dogs' names let him spend several hundred good hard-earned dollars to purchase a dog with a good pedigree and have the pleasure of naming it.

JUNE DORRINGTON

Corvina, Calif.

● Cantwell's dog, half cocker and half Lhasa apso, is named Cindy.—ED.

Sirs:

Mightn't Pippa of Pleasant Pastures find it amusing that there is a human being called Yankies' Yogi Berra?

LEW PETERSON

New York City

## NO ORNITHOLOGY AT VANDERBILT

Sirs:

Vanderbilt athletic committee approved Chairman Stambaugh's December 19 telegram to *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* attempting to correct December 18, 1964, erroneous published report that athletic council was toying with idea of special football dormitory. February 12 issue reaffirms this erroneous charge.

This is completely untrue and contrary to philosophy and practice of Vanderbilt as educational institution. Vanderbilt's athletic committee is not giving even remote consideration to plan of special football dormitory.

*SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's* publication is not only wrong factually, but irreparably injures standing and reputation of this educational institution.

VANDERBILT UNIVERSITY ATHLETIC COMMITTEE: LEONARD BEACH, Professor of English and Dean of Graduate School; F. TREMAINE BILINGS, Associate Clinical Professor of Medicine and *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* Silver Anniversary All-America; GUSTAVE LINDBERG, Professor of Applied Mathematics; SAMUEL ENGCH STUMPF, Professor of Philosophy; HERBERT WEAVER, Professor of History; MADISON SARRATT, Vice Chancellor Emeritus; FRED HAMILTON, Alumni Member; ROBERT WICKER, Alumni Member; SENEY BOUTWELL, Dean of Men; JOHN S. BEASLEY, Executive Secretary, Alumni Association; JOHN H. STAMBAUGH, Vice Chancellor, Chairman.

Nashville

## BOSTON MARATHON

Sirs:

I staggered home bleary-eyed and bored from four hours of a monotonous NBA double-header up here in Boston the other night, my first in five years. What has happened to basketball? No suspense. Those guys could hit from 25 feet out blindfolded. Pro baseball and pro football have equal polish, but still offer the unexpected—the steal, home run, touchdown pass, no dog. The only tension in that night's opening Warrior-Knuck clash was whether Chamber-

continued



LIFE PHOTOGRAPH BY CARL HYDANE

## Great moments live in LIFE

The return of the Old Soldier, 16 years later, to the country he had liberated—accompanied, incidentally, by the LIFE photographer who landed with him on Luzon in 1945—provided a great moment for millions the world over, and especially for 28,300,000 adult readers of LIFE.

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### 19TH HOLE continued

lain would miss three foul shots in a row. He did. The Celtics-Royal finale quickly deteriorated into a race to score again before the P.A. announcer had figured out who shot and assisted on the previous goal. Fans did forget their beer and cigars once—when the Celtics tried to score with four men as K.C. Jones nonchalantly tied his shoes at the other end of the court. They didn't.

The main weakness of NBA productions today is that games are too long and scores ridiculously high, with the result that the two-point field goal, the basis of the game, has become meaningless. What's two points out of 140? The ABL has tried to give a goal more importance by awarding three points for 25-footers, but teams still prefer safe jump shots and dunks.

My suggestion: with new franchises, the NBA would be able to field four teams and play a round robin of six 16-minute games each night. That would still be a total of 96 minutes of play, the same as two of the present 48-minute marathons. Yet 16-minute games would be played at a terrific last-period pace. The two-point field goal would have value (two of 40 rather than 140 points). Defense would be all-important. And teams could not pace themselves and let opponents run through 10 straight points before striking back, as so often happens in the present monotonous, meaningless, 12-minute second and third periods. Finally, fans would enjoy maximum variety, such as watching three separate teams try to contain Chamberlain, stop Baylor or get by Russell.

Let's do something. That night was like watching *Bea-Flie* and *Spartacus* on the same twin bill.

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## YESTERDAY

# *Shooting Pool with Mark Twain*

Billiards was more than a game to the great humorist—it was the obsession of his later years

by KARL ESS

The red-headed proprietor of the pool hall said he would play me left-handed. It hurt my pride, but I played him. We banked for first shot, and he won it. Then he commenced to play, and I commenced to chalk my cue to get ready to play, and he went on playing, and I went on chalking my cue; and he played and I chalked all through that game. When he had run his string out I said: "That's wonderful, perfectly wonderful! If you can play that way left-handed, what could you do right-handed?"

"'Couldn't do anything,' he said. 'I'm a left-handed man.'"

The pigeon in this anecdote was Mark Twain, whose professed naiveté belied his intimate knowledge of billiards. Twain was watching a series of championship billiard matches at Madison Square Garden in 1906 when he told the tale. One of the contenders on the floor of the arena was the youthful champion of the game, Willie Hoppe. When later asked for his recollection of Twain, Hoppe said he was "one of the most enthusiastic billiard fans I ever knew."

Testimony of this sort, though illustrative, is misleading, for Mark Twain was not content merely to watch the game. He had a billiard room in his home in which he played billiards and pocket billiards as often as he could (*répété*). Friends visiting his home on Fifth Avenue in New York sometimes complained of the author's pleas for "just one more game." The billiard sessions, convened three or four nights a

*continued*







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2. "The flaming bar was set at three feet. The furious steel band struck up a Calypso beat. Carefully I hooked under. I made it! They lowered the bar to two feet. Again, I made it. Down to a foot and a half. Feeling the cocky glow of success, I began again.



3. "Fire!" came the cry. The glow was *me!* My shirt was aflame! I scrambled out from under. As they doused me with water, they also extinguished my enthusiasm for learning the Limbo, once and for all!

4. "With laughter in his eyes, my island host led me off to a table to relax. I was glad to meet an old friend there—a Virgin Island favorite for many years—Canadian Club." Why this whisky's universal popularity? No other whisky in the world rewards you with such distinctive flavor—because no other whisky tastes quite like Canadian Club. World's lightest whisky, too...you can stay with it all evening long—in short ones before dinner, in tall ones after. Try Canadian Club tonight.

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